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DECEMBER 16, 1969

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ELSPETH HUXLEY

Synodology:
What Happened in Rome
SIR ARNOLD LUNN

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Shall We Let America Die?
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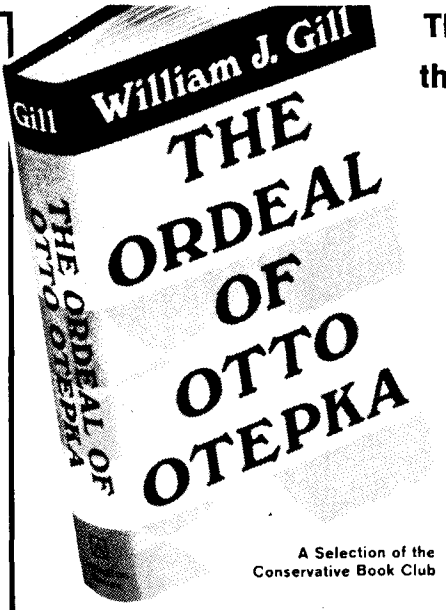
William Gill's Revelations About the State Dept. Are More Than History. Many of These Men Are Still There!

- Dean Rusk and Bobby Kennedy order Otepka to issue a top-secret clearance to a prominent security risk.
- Richard Nixon introduces a bill in 1951 that would have saved Otepka. But the bill dies in committee.
- Dean Acheson and Nelson Rockefeller clear the notorious John Stewart Service.
- The lengths to which John Kennedy went to placate Liberal fears that he was "soft on McCarthyism."
- Rusk's little-known role in the fall of China, and in keeping our hands tied in Korea.
- Distortions in Rusk's testimony over his relationship with the Communist-run IPR.
- The Rostow plan for surrendering U.S. sovereignty. Other JFK advisors who agreed.
- Dr. Jerome Weisner promises Soviet scientists to fight against any ABM system.
- State plays the numbers game to hide massive cuts in the security office.
- "Channels" defeat J. Edgar Hoover — and another nation falls to the Communists.
- Who was the mysterious Senor Montenegro? Why did the President stick his neck out for him?
- The gay Undersecretary of State who, against his deepest desires, unintentionally helps install Batista as Cuba's strongman.
- Rusk signs 152 security waivers in his first 14 months when only five had been issued in eight years under Eisenhower — and two of those five backfired.
- Can the *New York Times'* vendetta against Otto Otepka be explained solely in terms of its inveterate anti-anti-Communism? No, says Senator Strom Thurmond, since the name of "one of the principals in the Otepka case is printed at the top of the newspaper's masthead." That name — and its connection with the case — is revealed in this book.
- A rare pro-security decision from the Supreme Court subverted by a weird coterie of State and Justice Department lawyers.
- The prominent New Frontier official who asked Otepka: "What are the chances of getting Alger Hiss back into government?"
- Massive Soviet penetration of our intelligence agencies: the ominous evidence.
- Important defector from Poland is foiled in his attempt to contact the FBI — the one U.S. agency he knew was free of Soviet penetration.
- Three top American scientists, each with access to highly classified material, identified as KGB agents.
- Did the sack of Otepka lead, obliquely, to the assassination of President Kennedy?
- The strange twists and turns of Senator Thomas Dodd: were they partially explained when his unethical practices were brought to light?
- Evidence that Lee Harvey Oswald was a member of KGB.
- High White House staffer learns of Pueblo seizure, keeps the President in the dark for hours. (This same man had been refused a security clearance by Otepka.)
- State employee first corroborates Otepka's statements, then changes his mind — after an "accident."
- The promise from Senators Goldwater, Thurmond and Dirksen that persuaded Otepka to take the SACB appointment.



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by William J. Gill

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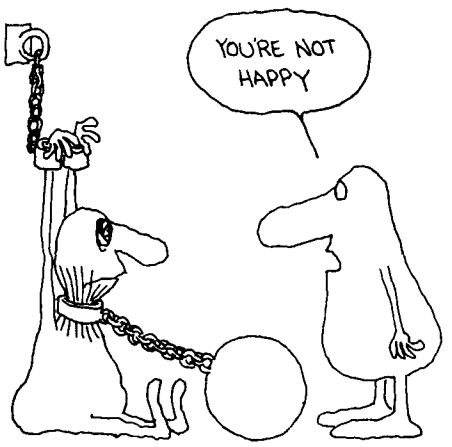
FOR THE RECORD

■ A little hardening all around: Was it a coincidence that the only consulate general to be closed in a recently announced cutback in State and Defense installations abroad was at **Goteborg, Sweden**? . . . Liberal columnists notwithstanding, Belgian Marxist **Ernest Mandel** did not get a visa to speak at the Princeton shindig hosted by the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation last week. (Commented Mandel's American lawyer **Leonard Boudin**: "It is inconceivable that the Justice Department under **Ramsey Clark** would have done this," and he was right.) . . . A Pakistani student in England who last surfaced burning an American flag in front of the U.S. embassy in London did not get a visa to speak to a peacenik group in Detroit last week (and was outraged by such narrowmindedness). . . . Welcomed upon his return from a month-long study of the situation in Vietnam, Sir **Robert Thompson**, author of *No Exit from Vietnam* and architect of the successful British campaign in Malaya, to the White House. He conferred at length with President Nixon and high U.S. Army officials on the situation there. . . . Suggested to replace **Henry Cabot Lodge** in Paris, by Republican Rep. **Clark McGregor** (Minn.), former Rep. **Walter Judd**, an authority on matters both Far Eastern and Communist.

■ Republican hugger-muggers abuilding in New York and Ohio. N.Y.—**John Lindsay** lets it be known he will support **Nelson Rockefeller** only if Rockefeller ponies up the cash Lindsay wants for NYC; he even casts doubts on whether he will support Senator **Charles Goodell**, who went all the way with Lindsay last fall. It's too early, says Lindsay. . . . Rocky letting his soreness at Goodell show through. He snapped at one student who was praising Goodell's bugout stance in Vietnam: "I appointed him to the Senate and that's how you know about him. So don't give me that stuff about Sen. Goodell." . . . It's now official in Ohio: **Robert Taft Jr.** (who wobbles between Left and Right) will run for the Senate against Gov. **James Rhodes**, who can't succeed himself. Taft's entry means almost certainly that Cong. **John Ashbrook** will take himself out of the race; and probably that Cong. **Buz Lukens** will. . . . Good news from Chicago's 13th CD, where conservative **Philip Crane** beat Democrat **Ed Warman** in a by-election to fill **Don Rumsfeld**'s congressional seat. Rumsfeld, who has swung left since moving to the OEO in Washington, never did give Crane a written endorsement.

■ Being bruited hither and yon: That big **Jess Unruh** has scouts out to probe whether John Lindsay will or will not switch parties, which switch could have considerable bearing on Unruh's own



gubernatorial ambitions. Unruh is not interested in running for the Senate against **George Murphy** (**Stanley Mosk**, **John Tunney**, **S. I. Hayakawa** have the inside track on that one). He would like to take on Gov. **Reagan, Alan Cranston** notwithstanding. . . . Ultraliberal Council for a Livable World already raising money for campaign chests of Sens. **Philip Hart** (Mich.) and **Frank Moss** (Utah), both of whom are in the could-easily-lose category. . . . *Daily World* (CP) incidentally predicts that **George Romney** will split with Nixon Administration, leave his job at HUD and return to Michigan to run against Hart. . . . Prize for the rhetorical escalation of the week, to Presidentially ambitious Sen. **George McGovern** (on Agnew's TV speech): "I feel that the speech was perhaps the most frightening single statement ever to come from a high government official in my public career."

■ U.S. airlift out of **Cuba** is now four years old; costs the government about a million bucks a year in plane charters; has brought out 173,000 Cubans; shows no signs of tapering off. . . . Those fifteen Brazilian political prisoners released in the Amb. **Elbrick** kidnaping and flown to Mexico have all turned up in Cuba; a number were Castro agents. . . . Portuguese authorities report the capture of a Cuban army captain, **Pedro Rodriguez Peralta**, in Portuguese Guinea. Rodriguez says he was ordered to Guinea and that other Cuban officers are serving with African liberation movements. . . . It's reliably reported that the Bolivian government may release French revolutionary journalist **Régis Debray** in the annual New Year's amnesty. **Francois Mauriac, André Malraux** and **Jean-Paul Sartre** signed formal plea for amnesty to the Bolivian government, which President **Georges Pompidou** is supporting diplomatically. Debray was with the **Che Guevara** band in Bolivia when captured.

■ Highlight of many Mexican folk festivals is the **"Aztec dancers** who are, in one respect at least, very twentieth century. On their blue shields, in very small white letters you can read: "Union of Aztec Dancers, San Luis Potosi Local."

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LETTERS

Bauble Boo-Boo?

I was astounded and shocked today, when in reading the Dec. 2 issue of *NR*, I came upon your editorial "Turn Off The Bauble Machine." I just couldn't believe that you had swallowed the Leftylib line on the alleged guilt of private flying in airline crashes, yet there you had it, hook, line and sinker! I was thoroughly disillusioned by your sweeping and completely misinformed indictment of the private pilot in the Indianapolis mid-air collision —how could a good conservative ever go off so completely half-cocked, without any effort whatsoever to ascertain the facts?

As a pilot myself, I have been extremely interested in air safety and have investigated the findings of all boards on this particular collision and an earlier one involving a light plane and an airliner heading into Milwaukee. Contrary to what you appear to believe, both mid-airs were totally the fault of the airliners. Now to specific facts in refutation of your statements:

1) It is absolutely against the law for an unlicensed pilot to fly an aircraft anywhere in the United States, let alone in control zones.

2) No aircraft may enter an airport control zone without first contacting the control tower or Flight Service Station and receiving permission and instructions.

3) The Indianapolis collision occurred thirteen miles from the airport control zone.

4) The airliner approached the private plane from the latter's left at an altitude slightly below the private plane's, so that the vertical stabilizer tip of the airliner struck the private plane, cutting it in half. The severe bending moment thus imposed on the airframe of the airliner broke off its entire tail assembly, causing it to disintegrate in mid-air.

5) The airliner was at an altitude where he could expect heavy traffic in an area where such traffic was common. He was traveling at close to three hundred mph; the light plane at one hundred—it was the airliner's responsibility to watch carefully for just such a situation. His angle of approach was such that the light plane could not possibly have seen him, but he should have seen the light plane. Visibility was excellent at the time of collision, so there can be no other conclusion but that the airliner was not maintaining sufficient vigilance for its speed, altitude and location. For you therefore to cite this accident as an example of the idiocy of private flying was grossly unfair, and I trust you will immediately take steps to set the record straight.

You may not be aware of it, but most leftists are out to "get" private flying, ostensibly because it interferes with public flying, but in reality because they consider it socially evil that any man should squander money on such a selfish occupation, when they, the lefties, could use it for so many noble causes! It would grieve me greatly to see one of my favorite conservative voices horn-swoggled into giving them a leg up in their egalitarian efforts, so please, more thought on this area before you rush into print?

Palos Hills, Ill. EDWARD E. POTTER

As an avid reader of your usually fine magazine, I was appalled at "Turn Off the Bauble Machine." Many times you accuse the liberal press of editing and misrepresenting the news, and now you seem to be guilty of the same folly. The problem of the SST can be argued all day pro and con without resolving it. My personal belief is that it is an important thing to maintain United States superiority in the field of commercial air transportation, and that is reason enough for continuing the program. The lead time on such a program is so long that hopefully the traffic problem will be well on its way to being solved by the time the first SST takes to the air.

However my exception to your views is not concerned mainly with that part of your article. Your allegation that the light airplane collided with the Allegheny jet is strangely reminiscent of newspaper sensationalism in which the hundred-mile-an-hour light airplane always overtakes and runs down the six-hundred-mph jet. I don't have all the solutions to the traffic problems in the air, but as a starter, the next time you take a trip on an airplane and run into an extensive delay due to traffic, take a look around the airport and compare the number of airline aircraft to the number of light airplanes you see creating the jam. I think you will have to agree that getting the light airplanes out of the air won't solve the problem.

College Park, Ga. J. M BATTENHOUSE

Where's Waugh?

It was a relief to learn from Auberon Waugh [*NR*, Nov. 18] that the Great Lakes are not polluted after all. Mr. Waugh's perception from a plane at thirty thousand feet is truly remarkable. The northern pike which were abundant in Lake Erie a few years ago have not vanished, but are merely in hiding, one day perhaps to reappear (an emerging piscatorial majority?). The Cuyahoga River at Cleveland did not catch on fire. There was a rumor to that effect started by some collectivists attempting to discredit local industry.

And, of course, Mr. Waugh is correct when he says that the greater part of the earth is uninhabited and awaiting our pleasure. Take Antarctica. Nothing but a bunch of bloody penguins. With any luck, the build-up of DDT in their bodies will one day render them sterile, and once rid of the creatures, we can move in with some factories. A petrol refinery or two to civilize the place, eh Auberon? As one who twice voted for Mr. Nixon for President, I don't exactly consider myself a socialist, and therefore must be, according to Mr. Waugh, a victim of "congenital gullibility," brought on by the "hyperbolic" ravings of those who imagine nonexistent "ecological crises," the awful realization of which is enough to make me want to call up the nearby generating plant and apologize for coughing during their frequent sulphur dioxide emissions.

Mr. Waugh obviously believes that all non-Bolsheviks should take a dim view of any state attempts to prevent or slow down the rape of our natural resources. This also appears to be the view of NATIONAL REVIEW. A pity, too, because we really need more, not less, environmental law and order.

Hingham, Mass. DAVID S. CUTLER

Would NATIONAL REVIEW or Auberon Waugh care to live in the house we abandoned several years ago? It is near Lake Erie and I can assure you pollution there is bad and is not subservient to one's political views (I, e.g., have to look left to see the JBS!).

We gave up bird-watching when the shores were so covered with dead fish that one could not take a step anywhere without stepping on the rotting carcasses. I dug up an arrowroot plant and spent a week trying to get the oil out of it. I finally gave up. Air pollution is so bad that people are fleeing, or living in veritable hell, constantly ill. The cost of this is beyond measure.

It is time the conservative looked to the world around him and saw the smoke and heard the gong ring.

Fredericktown, Ohio BETTY ROBERTS

In Mr. Waugh's article, he remarks with pitying condescension the gullibility of

(Continues on page 1248)

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXI NO. 49 DECEMBER 16, 1969

1250 **The Week**

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

1242 For the Record
1244 Letters
1259 Torture in the USSR *by Paul J. Lyons*
1261 Liberalism's Death-Wish *by Donald Atwell Zoll*
1264 Letter from Chicago *by Phillip Abbott Luce*
1265 Sniping at Springboks, a New British Game *by Elspeth Huxley*
1267 Synodology *by Sir Arnold Lunn*
1269 Travels with Melrose, Part II *by James Burnham*
1272 This Year's Christmas Thing *by Ruth Berenson*
1273 Letter from London *by Anthony Lejeune*
1274 From the Academy *by Russell Kirk*
1275 Delectations *by Alec Waugh*
1286 On the Right *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*
1288 Trans-O-Gram

1277 **BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS**

William S. Schlamm on Adolf A. Berle's *Power* ☐ C. H. Simonds reports on Christmas gift books ☐ David Brudnoy reviews three on the McCarthy campaign ☐ The Met's "New York Painting and Sculpture" visited by Ruth Berenson

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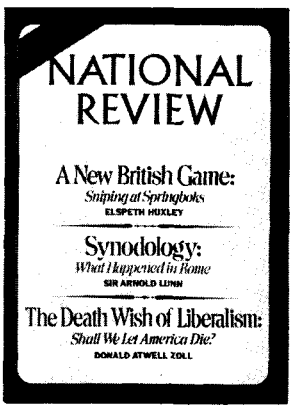
IN THIS ISSUE

■ Professor **Donald Atwell Zoll**, Chairman of the Department of Philosophy and Classics, University of Saskatchewan, author of *The Twentieth Century Mind*, makes his first *NR* appearance with an analysis of the conservative's role in the current war between New Leftists and establishment liberals. Guaranteed to raise a roof or two. And send Frank Meyer to his typewriter. . . . **Sir Arnold Lunn** discusses the recent meeting of bishops in Rome. Sir Arnold's book *Christian Counterattack* (co-authored by Garth Lean), soon to be published by Arlington House, prompted the following comment from *The Tablet*: "Arnold Lunn deserves the gratitude of a whole generation. His dogged, lively, tenacious kind of argument cannot be shrugged off as old hat. He is always relevant to the mood of the time though he is not remotely modish. His special value as an apologist is that he does not confuse apologetics with apologizing." . . . Pity the poor British, says **Elspeth Huxley**. They're bitter because they've slipped so far. And especially bitter because of South Africa's striking rise. They've backed the wrong horse, and about all they can do about it now is to jeer visiting South African athletes. . . . And the British are also nervous, adds **Anthony Lejeune**, jittery over the American-Russian Helsinki missile talks. . . . **Paul J. Lyons**, Director of Amnesty International, issues a well-documented report on torture in the USSR. . . . **Phillip Abbott Luce** discusses a new kind of absurd theater featuring such third-rate comics as Jerry Rubin and his boyfriend Abbie Hoffman. . . . And **James Burnham** continues his tour of the home front, visiting the South and Southwest, where he finds the silent majority still holding the nation together but increasingly wondering why. . . . **Alec Waugh** delights in a few bottles of champagne, and urges us to do the same. . . . **Ruth Berenson** on the newest commercial Christmas craze. Forget it and buy a Christmas tree. . . . And **Russell Kirk** warns against rushing into simplistic sex education programs without examining a few basic premises.



■ **William S. Schlamm** slogs through Adolph Berle's formless study of power. A classic of high camp, as any attempt to deal with values by a liberal political scientist must inevitably be. . . . **C. H. Simonds** attempts to impose order on the annual glut of fat gift books. Some good, some batty, all heavy. . . . **David Brudnoy** reads two about and one by Gene McCarthy and comes away knowing less about him than when he began. . . . And **Ruth Berenson** is back again to sorrow over what the Metropolitan Museum of Art has become under Thomas Hoving, John Lindsay's gift to culture.

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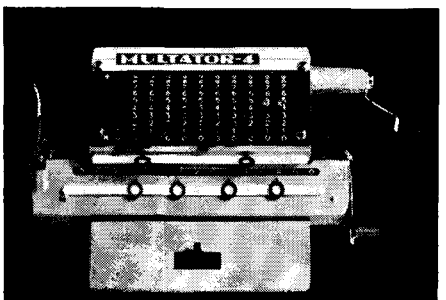

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1244)

Americans. As evidence of this, he cites the fact that several outrageous assertions he made were generally accepted. One of these—"Mr. Wilson is kept in power because he is a paramour of the Queen who owns ICI and the whisky monopoly"—I do not regard as a good example of said gullibility. What other possible reason could there be?

Brookfield, Conn. MRS. R. J. MADDEN

SF Traditionalist Irked

Renaissance my ass. Judith Merril ["Merril-y We Wave Along," Nov. 18] is the latest High Priestess of the cult of anti-science fiction.

When I subscribed to *NR* I did so because it was at least nominally a conservative magazine. Because of this and the fact that yours is a non-genre magazine, pro-New Wave propaganda was the last thing I expected to see. Especially since the New Wave (an egotistical name, ain't it) is essentially liberal and in fact in many respects even radical.

All this type of science fiction is based on what Colin Wilson refers to as the "insignificant premise," the belief that life is without meaning, the universe is unknowable and uncontrollable, and the future is not something to look forward to but something to be terrified of. This belief causes an overreaction (as I believe the current terminology is), this being the denying of goodness, the emphasis and disproportionate primacy of evil, the stressing and inventing of artificial hang-ups and the reliance on anti-heroes.

West Des Moines, Iowa MATT HICKMAN

1984 Is Here

Adolf Berle's prediction, quoted in "The Supreme Revolutionary Tribunal?" [*NR*, Nov. 18], that in the foreseeable future the Supreme Court would mandate via judicial dictum a guaranteed annual income, has already come true. Attorneys employed by the federal antipoverty agency have filed suit in California state court asking that welfare payments to all recipients be made uniform throughout the state, since graduated payments are naturally denying "equal protection" to those receiving the lower payments. In light of California's position as national capital for legal insanity, there appears to be little doubt as to the success of this litigation. Another state court has declared the two-thirds requirement for passage of bond issues unconstitutional under the "one-man one-vote" gospel; the ACLU is seeking to force mass cross-city school busing on Los Angeles by asking a judge to rule de facto school segregation unconstitutional; and, to put frosting on the cake, the state Supreme Court has declared the state's pre-reform abortion law unconstitutional by deriving a "Right of Abortion" from the Ninth and Fourteenth Amendments to the U.S. Constitution.

No reversal of this judicial activism run amok is likely from the federal Supreme Court. Hugo Black, not to mention Charles Evans Hughes, O. W. Holmes and even John Marshall are out of favor. Justice Douglas and friends are all. The tragedy of all this is that the words in our Constitution have now lost most of their meaning. If the document survives, we should feel fortunate.

Los Angeles, Cal. LAWRENCE M. POLON

Tension Sí; Creative No

I was disturbed by the letter of [Nov. 18] of Edward F. Cumerford, who questioned the work of "Hurricane John" and "the integrity, sound principle and strength of purpose" among the clergy and hierarchy of the Catholic community.

It seems that Mr. Cumerford views the Church in an extremely negative light. Perhaps if he saw the actions of the Church as a constant quest for truth, which quest is always shaped to some extent by the particular age in which the human community finds itself, he would not be so pessimistic. It has been remarked that part of the beauty of the contemporary Church has been its ability to tolerate diversity within itself without fearing for loss of (because not losing sight of) its essential unity. The personalities whom he chooses to mention are not unparalleled in Church history. Among others, saints like Gregory VII and Thomas Aquinas dared to stand by their unpopular views of reform. The Spirit has been with the Church even during its most perilous times; for this reason the Church has continued and will continue to thrive.

Would Mr. Cumerford have the entire Church to be of one mind? There must be an element of creative tension in the Church. Through it, the Spirit communicates to us.

Huntington, N.Y. EDWARD WILKINSON

Oddments

I was puzzled by Russell Kirk's statement in "Two Risings Against the Liberals," [*NR*, Nov. 18], that "(Karl) Marx was half-Jewish in blood himself, of course," because Karl Marx's parents were both descended from many generations of rabbis and Karl was therefore, of course, wholly of Jewish blood. See *The Red Prussian* by Leopold Schwarzschild (Scribner's, 1947), pp. 1 and 2, and *Marx*, by Robert Payne (Simon & Schuster, 1968), pp. 17-19.

In spite of his Jewish ancestry, Karl Marx was extremely antisemitic and, in spite of his descent from countless generations of rabbis, he was violently atheistic, facts which are doubtless well known to the "Marxists" in the Kremlin and elsewhere.

Washington, D.C. HAROLD RANSTAD

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Three cheers for Bert Lippman's fine article [*NR*, Dec. 2] on the teaching of history. His proposals for curriculum reform are entirely sound and should be studied with care, particularly the injunction against discussing recent political events in a history course.

Unfortunately, my experience as a graduate student in history suggests that many instructors are more interested in using the classroom to promote their favorite political causes than to instill a sense of the past. Such obviously one-sided works as Robert Kennedy's *To Seek a Newer World* or the Kerner Commission Report are assigned in history courses. Some professors hurry over earlier problems to devote their lectures to Vietnam. Thus, the politicization of history, always a danger, is a matter of acute concern at the moment.

Charlottesville, Va. JAMES W. ELY JR.

In response to your mention of Alternative Week on page 1204 [*NR*, Dec. 2], I fear you have erred in asserting that Mr. Tyrell's antagonist Dr. Montag was not really from Columbia, not really a Ph.D., and not really a liberal.

Certainly he was a Ph.D. for his lecture was dull, vague, and silly. Then too, his mystical enchantment with "peaceful revolution" and "erotic scholasticism" surely certifies him as a dynamic educator of the Columbian School. And finally how could anyone but a hip liberal fashion such a rococo structure of platitudes as did this eminent sociologist? Further, an audience of some 150 students from the most enlightened generation of all time listed to him in rapt attention, accepting him as 24 karat.

Bloomington, Ind. REV. GEORGE NATHAN

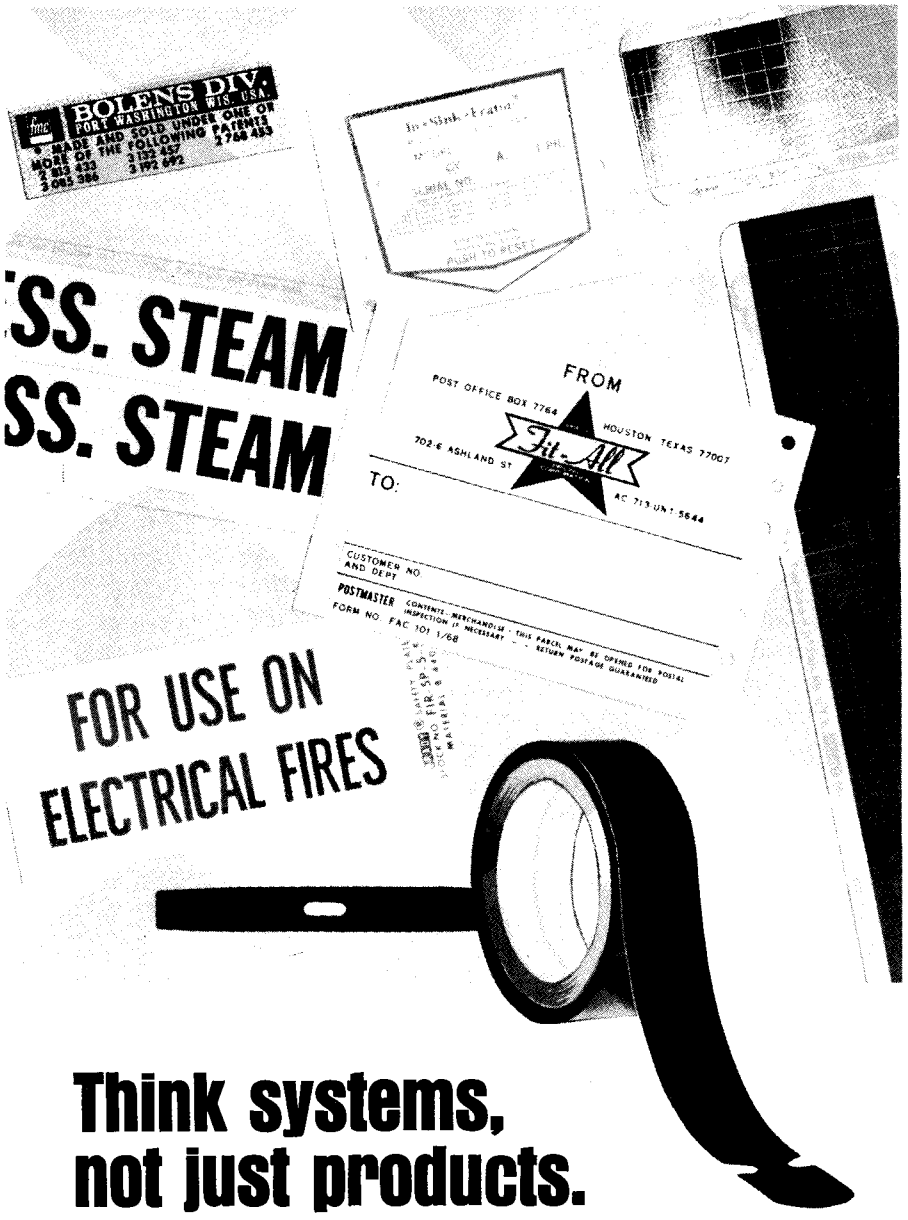
Although I generally disagree with almost everything written in the NATIONAL REVIEW, I found the editorial "Jack Kerouac, RIP" [*NR*, Nov. 4] to be by far the most fitting eulogy of the father of the "Beat" generation of any of the many that I encountered.

I was extremely heartened to find that someone realized that Kerouac knew and loved the land which he could never find peace in.

Boston, Mass. CHARLES W. HOLZHAUER

As a young conservative American, I constantly take gratification in your usually excellent magazine. The opinions are well-thought and logically presented. Almost always, the facts are impeccable. However, in the issue September 23, 1969, on p. 932, you state, "Libya itself was the first nation to be established under UN auspices in 1949." Libya might very well have been the first monarchy established by the UN, but the first nation to be so established was Israel, in 1948. Sorry about that.

Baltimore, Md. BILL STRIZEVER



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THE WEEK

■ Whatever happened to Strontium-90? Maybe we can use it now, in place of DDT.

■ Nine Missouri couples have filed suit against the Governor and State Board of Education, alleging that the state's public education system discriminates economically against their school-age children, whom they wish to have educated in accredited private religious institutions. Plaintiffs maintain that the tax burden of "free" public education places an intolerable economic handicap on their efforts to give their children a proper religious upbringing, and they are suing for tax relief. Plaintiffs further maintain that state education interferes with the free exercise of religion. The system espoused by Prof. Friedman, whereby the state provides a voucher for educational costs in either a private or a public school out of tax revenues, would provide a suitable remedy for this injustice that attends compulsory education in all fifty states. A favorable decision in the Missouri suit could have far-ranging and beneficial effects.

■ Love that March Against Death—so peaceful and dignified except of course for "minor disruptions" by a "small minority." Well, the bill for the November 15 operation—most of it to be paid by the U.S. taxpayer—comes to $1.8 million. Owners of private property sustained $240,000 in damages. Standby military support cost $936,000; police overtime, $474,000; damage to government buildings, $100,000; damage to park property, $12,000, and cleanup, $8,500. We'd have been better off if a small tropical storm had struck.

■ "The whites—they call 'em whites—are, like, always the managers of the places. They have the best jobs. They have the best housing. They have all the cars. They get the best pay and so forth. The Communists say that political power grows out of the barrel of a gun, but I'll take it a little farther and say that political power is maintained by the gun. And who's holding the guns in Cuba? The whites." Thus Earl Andrew Ferrell, former right-hand man to Eldridge Cleaver, on why he and Cleaver left Castro's Cuba. Ferrell neglects to mention that the guns are held on whites and blacks both—but never mind, his testimony is interesting. When he got to Cuba, he was put in solitary for eight weeks—because he might be a CIA agent. Then he and a comrade were sent as laborers to Camaguey province. "Like we had to work fourteen hours a day and like we got paid for ten. Like the other four were supposed to be voluntary work hours—but actually obligatory. We ran into all kinds of dissatisfied Cubans. You know, like people were saying, 'Hey man, you're crazy. What did you come down here for? Everybody's leaving here and going there [America] and you people are coming down here. This is insane!' "

■ When we last heard from the War Against Poverty (hunger, malnutrition, upset stomachs, imagined snubs, disadvantaged hors d'oeuvres, hangovers) it was assaulting, without reservation, the Indians: healthy wealthy-wise. For instances: National Youth Council, Headstart, Day Care, Upward Bound, Community Action Programs, alcohol programs (against), Legal Aid, VISTA, Operation Mainstream, Surplus Commodities, Community Health Representatives, Indian Health Service, and a pregnant Etc. At about $650-900 a scalp, depending. For instance, we quote a HEW flyer—"Promotional Opportunity Vacancy Notice No. 69-41," to be exact: "Applications from all qualified persons will be considered subject to preference being given in initial employment to Indians of one-fourth or more degree Indian blood." 'Breeds, two steps forward. Finch, go back and start over.

■ Incident. Moratotalists begin fall rites at U. Cal., Santa Barbara, by marching to the flagpole and lowering Old Glory to half-staff where, they announce, it will remain until the war is over. Campus police, just following orders, do nothing. Campus administrators, following dictates of prudence, do nothing. Mere slip of a girl arrives, passes through the Red Sea and restores the flag to its rightful height, where it remains. "Why did you do that?" a demonstrator demands. "My father died in Vietnam," the girl replied. End of incident.

■ A MINI-BARTLETT'S FOR SPIROPHILES:

"The American people are beginning to realize that the things they have read and heard, both from agitators of the legislative variety and the agitators of the newspaper owner variety, have been pure bunk—B-U-N-K—bunk; that these agitators are appealing to the ignorance, the prejudice and the fears of Americans and are acting in an un-American way."

—Franklin D. Roosevelt, 1941

"The failure of the commercial press, with few exceptions, to honestly report the news and be fair in their editorial columns, has served to retard the war effort. Generally, their campaigns for special interests have created confusion in the minds of the American people and in several instances have bordered on acts of treason." *—Adlai Stevenson, 1942*

"I am convinced that just as the media can tell the facts to the people, they can also exaggerate and inflame the situation." *—Hubert Humphrey, 1968*

■ Here is an important notice to taxpayers from the IRS (Section 277, Tax Reform Act, titled "Limitation on Deductions for Individuals"): "a) General Rule—if a taxpayer, other than a corporation, has allowable ex-

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penses for a taxable year, the deduction, otherwise allowable under this chapter for such expenses, shall be disallowed to the extent of an amount equal to the lesser of . . . 1)—the aggregate of such expenses multiplied by the Section 277 fraction, or . . . 2)—the allowable tax preferences, b) Section 277 Fraction. For purposes of this section, the Section 277 Fraction is the fraction, the numerator of which is the allowable tax preferences and the denominator of which is the sum of the allowable tax preference plus modified adjusted gross income." We yield to no one in our appreciation of a nicely-turned phrase, but wouldn't it be easier just to use a cosh and extract the take from the wallet?

■ You don't have to be Jewish to like *Ideas*. It is published by the Jewish Society of America, Inc., editor Michael S. Kogan. A quarterly, specializing in articles of interest to Jewish conservatives, but receptive, also, to articles of general interest. Recent contributors include Herbert Klein (retired police detective, author of *The Police: Damned If They Do, Damned If They Don't*), Allen Brownfeld, David Friedman, John Meyer, Morrie Ryskind, Stanton Evans: and a previously unpublished article by the late, great Frank Chodorov. Address: 140 Claremont Avenue, New York, N.Y.; six bucks.

■ News that you do not see in the headlines: With the help of American agriculturalists, South Vietnamese farmers are producing their biggest rice crop in five years, an estimated five million tons. Imports of rice for this year will drop by 400,000 to 500,000 tons, and experts in Can Tho, the central city for the rice-growing Mekong Delta, estimate that within two years South Vietnam once more will become a major rice exporter. It has been nearly five years since Vietnam exported rice and 34 years since it produced its peak export crop.

■ The Great Socialist Flyswatter may soon descend on Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. The Soviet Writers' Union, which expelled him last month, now accuses him of "disregard for civic duty" and espousing "positions hostile to the cause of socialism." The Union even heavy-handedly suggests that Solzhenitsyn flee to the West, "where his anti-Soviet work and letters are received with such delight. . . ." And if he doesn't flee? Mikhail Sholokhov, the Stalinist toady and Nobel laureate, convulsed four thousand collective farm managers by likening Solzhenitsyn to an insect pest: "You have done away with pests but, unfortunately, we still have Colorado beetles—those who eat the Soviet bread but want to serve Western bourgeois masters. . . . Soviet men of letters are desirous to get rid of them." Squish!

■ Former British Foreign Secretary George Brown is so outspoken that he got thrown out of Harold Wilson's cabinet sometime back. It's because he goes around saying things like, in re Mylai: "I wish Americans would stop weeping and get on with the war." The kind of thing that makes people over here so cross at Spiro Agnew.

■ The usual, oversimplified prescription in Latin America for getting rich quick via the expropriation of U.S. properties is not working out according to formula in Bolivia, where the Gulf Oil Company was the victim. William Bros., which was building a natural gas pipeline from Santa Cruz, Bolivia to Yucuiba, near the Argentine border, has suspended construction. Its international financing has dried up. Supplies for the pipeline are piling up in warehouses across the frontier. Tanker fleets and international refineries are proving reluctant to move or process Bolivian oil—they have been told that they could face legal complications, or just not land the next Gulf contract. The Bolivian Minister of Mines is yelling "international conspiracy," but no one much is listening. In a period of oil and gas glut, it is easy enough and much less complicated for the international oil interests to do their shopping elsewhere.

■ If the world doesn't watch out, two nations might actually settle a protracted dispute. Austria and Italy have been quarreling for fifty years over South Tyrol, an area along the lower bastions of the Alps. The land was taken over by Italy after WWI, and the people, mostly German, have been restive ever since. An agreement, consisting of 120 points, has been reached giving the German-speaking province increased regional autonomy. Local officials will have greater authority, and chief administrators will be locally appointed.

■ It's simple, really, what's happening in Italy. The workers are striking here, there and everywhere—ostensibly for higher pay, but many of their frustrations have little to do with wages. In Milan, the police mutinied after strikers shot one of their brother officers. Right-wing and left-wing students battle in the streets; municipal services fall apart; violence and chaos become the norm. Meanwhile, the government is all but paralyzed as the two leading political parties, Socialists and Christian Democrats, split and re-split, and observers predict an

Milton Friedman Knows Best (I Hope)

Open the spigot. Loosen the locks.
Something's not working. (Look at my stocks!)
Business is lousy. Borrowing's *hell.*
Brokers are bleating: What's there to sell?
Please, Mr. Nixon, now that you're in,
Don't let a Hoover horror begin.
Listen to Milton; he's in the know.
Make with the moola! Let yourself go!
Give us a dribble . . . even a drop.
Otherwise, kindly pass us the mop.

W. H. VON DREELE

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early attempt to form a left-wing united-front government including the Communists. Perfectly simple, rather like the Weimar Republic in the 1920s.

■ Arm yourself with gun or thunderstick, round up your faithful gin bearers—we are going on safari, in search of the biggest game of all. Hunt a Huntley! Stalk a Sevareid! Bag a Brinkley! Spiro Agnew Friends And Rooters, Inc. (SAFARI, see?) is off to Fun City to tour the spectacular Manhattan Canyons, to goggle and gape at the indigenous species, the hippies (the name means "river horse" in Latin), the dippies ("East River horse") and yippies ("young hoarse"), from the safety of a Land Rover, of course. Highlight of the tour will be stops at the Big Three Game Preserves—NBC, CBS and ABC, where "you will be able to . . . thrill to the sights and sounds of the cunning commentators . . . Obsolete Opinionmakers. If fortunate, you may be able to glimpse the carnivorous News Editor pouncing on his prey!" The safaris are being planned by SAFARI, Box 1600, Gladwyne, Pa. 19035. Umgawa.

■ Now it's the Defense Department. As part of an audio-visual presentation to brief base commanders on what's with the kids, they're using a picture called the *Next Supper*, which shows Christ feeding his disciples pot through hoses. The disciples are Spider Man, Charlie Brown, Bugs Bunny, Jughead, Archie, Captain America, Mickey Mouse, Superman, Santa Claus, Thor, Scrooge McDuck and Batman. Next, no doubt, topless WACs. Are you running with us, Mel Laird?

■ *Pravda* pearl: "A Communist country is free to determine its own future path but it is not free to depart from Communism."

The Great Atrocity Hunt

Murder may have been committed at Songmy; nevertheless, what actually happened remains unclear. Statements made before TV cameras and interviews granted to itinerant reporters do not establish facts, and we will not know what happened before the evidence is assembled and the testimony, given under oath, is subjected to cross-examination. Every American serviceman arriving in Vietnam is instructed that "war crimes" include the "killing of spies, or other persons who have committed hostile acts, without trial," and Article 118 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice does not distinguish in the definition of murder between killing an American and killing a non-American civilian or prisoner. On the other hand, as everyone knows, a guerrilla war such as is being waged in Vietnam is full of ambiguities: if the Vietcong chooses to build its stronghold under a village, and the villagers, either through choice or coercion, continue to reside in the village, some perhaps to cooperate with the VC, does that mean the stronghold is immune from attack? The judicial process will establish whether a crime has been committed; if the answer is yes, the guilty, if still living, will be punished. Why is there any need, just now, to say more than that?

Whether atrocities were committed at Songmy we do not as yet know; but more than enough atrocities against human reason have been committed in response by the American media. That "America and Americans must stand in the larger dock of guilt and human conscience for what happened at Mylai seems inescapable." So observed *Time*, adding: "Men in American uniforms slaughtered the civilians of Mylai, and in so doing humiliated the U.S. and called in question the U.S. mission in Vietnam in a way that all the antiwar protesters could never have done." One's mind staggers: Are "America and Americans" generally guilty, the same America and Americans now preparing to bring the accused to trial? And even if it turns out that atrocities were committed, how does this call in question the U.S. mission in Vietnam? Do the innumerable atrocities committed by both sides in World War II add up to the proposition that resistance to the Nazis ought to have been abandoned? On April 9-10, 1948, Israeli commandos massacred all 254 inhabitants of the Arab village of Deir Yassin—men, women and children. Does *Time* conclude from this that the Israeli position, in toto, is morally indefensible? During the American Civil War atrocity was not an aberration, the act of bewildered or temporarily unbalanced men, but a matter of settled military policy. "Until we can repopulate Georgia," said General Sherman, "it is useless for us to occupy it; but the utter destruction of its roads, houses and people will cripple their military resources." Does *Time* conclude that the Union, therefore, should have been permitted to disintegrate? Irrational and irresponsible comment on Songmy has become collective madness.

Ronald Lee Ridenhour, the ex-GI, now a college student, who brought Songmy to the attention of thirty Washington officials, described it as a "dark" event—as it may well have been; but, most assuredly, there is something dark and sick about much of the reaction from the liberal Left. *N.Y. Post* columnist Pete Hamill, for example, quoted President Nixon's education speech to the effect that his Administration would be committed "to the enriching of a child's first five years of life," and then commented: "The long weekend is over now, in the nation that enriches children by machine-gunning them to death. . . . Let's get on to the next hamlet, boys: we've got some four-year-old Vietcong sympathizers to enrich. We're going to give them The American Way at seventeen rounds a clip." Mary McGrory's syndicated Washington column announced: "The country's conscience, apparently, died in that Asian village with the old men, the women and the children." (How did *her* conscience manage to survive the sudden mortality of American conscience?) →

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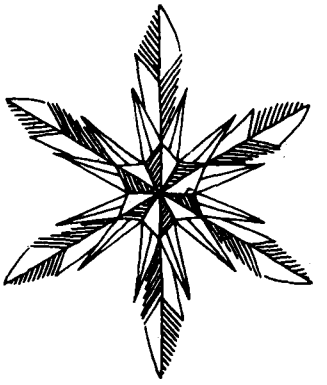

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These examples could be multiplied ad nauseam, but what emerges—just as it emerged in the liberal Left's response to the murders committed by Oswald, Sirhan and Ray—is an uncontrollable impulse not to blame the particular criminal, but rather to vilify America generally. The assassinations, like the alleged atrocities at Songmy, permitted the expression of a deep animosity against America, gave such feeling a seeming legitimacy. These emotions are strange and involuted, for those expressing them are, mutatis mutandi, Americans themselves and their vilification of America is therefore a form of self-abasement; yet the very abasement informs an implicit claim to superiority: *they*, in contrast to ordinary Americans, are sensitive enough and moral enough to feel outraged. As an opportunity to indulge in this dark process, Songmy was seized upon almost gleefully.

There is no doubt whatsoever that media representatives will now fan out over Vietnam in search of atrocity stories. We will be bombarded by every sort of rumor and curbstone report, true or false, checked or unchecked. It will be the burning Buddhist monks all over again. The photographs will be amazing, and we will have to take them on faith; skepticism will put one in the position of being *for* atrocities. This atrocity campaign will put America on the psychological and moral defensive—even though the Communist side, as a matter of settled policy, has murdered and tortured tens of thousands of Vietnamese civilians in the systematic, planned campaign of terror that is an integral part of its strategies. The double standard will operate at full intensity, and hypocrisy will know no limits.

Meanwhile, Lt. William Calley, as far as anyone now knows a good soldier in the U.S. Army, is being tried in the press. His accusers appear on TV, and their allegations —often enough contradictory—reach an audience of millions. Calley himself at Ft. Benning is not permitted to reply. Suppose he is innocent? Suppose he is acquitted? Suppose the circumstances were not as they have been made to appear? "I want to help my boy," said his father last week in Florida, "but I just don't know what to do."

Drafting by Lot

The draft lottery will bring about certain major changes in the Selective Service System. Under the old system, able men who did not volunteer for service could not—even if the Army chose never to call them—confidently plan their civilian lives until they reached age twenty-six, for unless they were deferred as students, teachers, reservists or whatever, they were subject to conscription at any time. This much, at least, has changed, and to the relief of everyone.

Henceforth all American males get numbers corresponding to the order in which their birth dates are drawn in the draft lottery held during the year of their nineteenth birthday. September 14, the first date picked out of the glass bowl last week, becomes number one for next year's draft, and all men born September 14, 1950 are now "number ones." (Also, for 1970's draft, older young men up to age twenty-six who were born September 14. They too take their numbers from last week's drawing, although in future years the lotteries will affect only nineteen-year olds.) Beginning in January, local boards across the country will draft all physically qualified number ones who do not have deferments. When this is done, the boards will start selecting number twos, and so on until the system fills its quota in December with a number that will probably fall somewhere in the low two hundreds.

The lottery does not affect deferments. A nineteen-year-old student born September 14 becomes a number one just like nonstudents born the same day, but he will not be eligible for induction until his deferment expires. At that time, should he be younger than twenty-six and should he fail to get a new deferment, he will join the draft pool and almost certainly be conscripted immediately.

The army has estimated that qualified men with numbers one to 122—the first third—are almost sure to be drafted. Those in the middle third may or may not, depending on the size of the draft calls and the actual induction rate of men in the first third. Those young men whose birth dates put them in the last third are almost surely exempt from conscription, although they may of course volunteer. Once any man exposes himself to the draft for a year, and is not called, he is free from it forever. A nineteen-year old born June 3—number 301 in last week's drawing—who does not have a deferment will enter the draft pool in January. If his local board fills its quota next December without reaching number 301, that young man will thereafter be exempt from the draft.

And so now, and for the foreseeable future, most nineteen-year olds will be able to guess with some degree of certainty whether the Army will call them. Those others —the ones with numbers in the middle third—will know

No Escape

The surprising discovery of high insecticide levels in fat tissue of polar bears deserves special attention.
—Dr. Charles J. Jonkel, Canadian Wildlife Service

The condor's eggs are cracking;
The bass is belly-up.
There's DDT for tracking
Within the buttercup.
Crustaceans in the ocean
Imbibe a bit each day.
There's poison in the potion
A chicken chews to lay.
The research with tomatoes
Suggests some residue.
It's present in potatoes.
Ye gods, it's in me, too.

W. H. VON DREELE

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positively not more than one year after they have exposed themselves to the draft. These changes should soothe many young minds, and they were certainly the features that led University of Illinois President David D. Henry to say that a lottery "would be a powerful factor in reducing campus tension." The hard Left, however, will simply de-emphasize the draft in its long list of grievances against The System as a whole.

Operation Spiro

The Presidency of the United States is a MIRV among offices. By the terms of the Constitution, the President is chief of state as well as head of government—king, that is to say, as well as prime minister. He is commander in chief of the armed forces, and charged with appointment of the judiciary. In practice he early became the initiator of most legislation—"the Administration program" presented each session to Congress. In modern times, by virtue of modern methods of communication, he has become chief tribune of the people—informing, proposing and exhorting over the heads of the intermediary institutions. Beyond the constitutional but firmly within the traditional structure, he is party leader, and he presumably remains still, also, a human being.

A first-term President's duty as party leader and his normal inclination as human being require that one of his goals in the conduct of his office—a goal not separable from those less personal in nature, but intertwined with all the rest—will be the winning, for himself and his party, of the second-term election. Let us reflect a little on some recent Administration moves, specifically on the Spiro Agnew gambit, in the perspective of this goal.

The President's problem is clearly revealed in the statistics of the 1968 election: Nixon, 43.4 per cent of the popular vote; Humphrey, 42.7 per cent; Wallace 13.5 per cent. Nixon is a minority President, with a hairline plurality over his Democratic opponent. With no third-party candidate in 1972, the 1968 Wallace contingent, assuming no great change in the lineup of the rest of the electorate, would be in a swing position. Whichever way it went, by even a small majority, it would decide the election.

Mr. Nixon must therefore attempt—while hanging on to his 1968 supporters—to a) head off a Wallace (or any other third-party) candidacy in 1972, and b) make sure that a majority of the 1968 Wallace voters shift to the Republican column. It is generally assumed that the 1968 Wallaceites would have been for Nixon over Humphrey if that had been the sole alternative, but this is rather less than certain. Most of the Wallace voters were defecting Democrats, Southerners, blue collar and lower middle class. It is possible—it can't be proved one way or the other—that, with no Wallace-sort of candidate on the ballot—they would fall back, however unhappily, to the familiar Democratic column.

Whatever the 1968 balance of sentiment, Nixon, while heading off Wallace, has got to get them into the Republican camp in 1972. This is, of course, the combined objective of Operation Spiro. The argument whether or not Nixon told the Vice President to carry out his recent raid, and whether or not Nixon inspected the ammunition in advance, is silly. Obviously this operation is pursuant to the approved Administration war plan. Nixon didn't need to see the speeches in advance (though he probably did) because he knew anyway what would be in them.

The Agnew forays, Attorney General Mitchell's simultaneous forays against militants and the New Left, are designed to take the wind out of Wallace's sails by persuading his following that their concerns are adequately expressed and their aims sufficiently furthered by Nixon-brand Republicanism. Since this is the aim, the Nixon leadership couldn't care less about all the—shall we say? —effete wisecracks and anti-Agnew jokes from the verbalists of the Northeastern establishment. This response merely reinforces the intended effect.

George Wallace (P. O. Box 1972) understands perfectly what is going on, and he is mounting careful defensive maneuvers to try to preserve his cadres and screen his anchor positions. He quickly followed up his trip to Vietnam with a report to the people, November 30, via Meet the Press. Notably absent was the wilder rhetoric of his 1968 campaign, the nasty jibes and the sometimes vicious undercurrent. For the moment one is playing the sober statesman—more statesmanlike, is one suggesting, than that roundhouse-swinging Vice President? A passing phrase of wry humor, just to remind us: "I wish that I had copyrighted, got a patent on my speeches in 1968. If I had done so I would be drawing some immense royalties from Mr. Nixon, and especially Mr. Agnew."

But the foundation of the record is being meticulously laid: "There's no way for the American troops to get out

Jones—*Toronto Telegram* Ben Roth Agency

"I can't help thinking if we'd carried protest signs they'd have taken more interest in us. . . ."

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of the war unless we do win the war. . . . It would take less casualties, observers tell me, to win the war than to withdraw. And if they are still present in South Vietnam in force, we will withdraw sort of as we did at Dunkirk in World War II, and not only suffer the humiliation of a defeat, but at the same time lose our Asia friends, probably Europe become neutralist, and lose the Mideast. . . .

"Our movement continues, and if necessary will be involved in 1972. I'm not sure at this time, it will all depend on the events that transpire between now and 1972, and whether this Administration carries out the commitments they made to the American people. It depends upon whether or not the war is concluded successfully in Vietnam, the restoration of local democratic institutions of the people of the states [read, easing up on school integration], a reduction in taxes on the lower and middle-income people of our country, and the restitution of law and order."

Then one added, philosophically, the initial thrust of the knife: "At the moment [the Nixon program] is mostly talk. The next is action, and we like the talk. . . . Some of the things they say sound all right, but they must replace some of this talk with action."

Strike to Boycott to What?

Over the last decade, the AFL-CIO headquarters has supported perhaps a dozen nationwide boycotts called by one or more of its constituent member unions. But now for the first time in its history the AFL-CIO headquarters has itself initiated a nationwide boycott. It is directed against the products of the General Electric Company.

The union has mailed out to boycott committees of its 121 constituent national unions and local branches signs, handbills, circulars and instruction sheets to help "informational" pickets patrol outside dealers that sell GE television sets, refrigerators, toasters and so on. This form of mass intimidation obviously operates not only against GE, but against all the small stores that carry its products and against the customers who want to buy them.

Why is the AFL-CIO resorting to such an extreme measure in this particular case? Because, as we noted a fortnight ago, the prime issue of the GE strike, in the eyes of the unions, is not wages but the way the company conducts its labor negotiations. Instead of coyly holding back something for later bargaining, it makes its best offer in the first place. This may be all well enough for the GE employees, but it cuts the ground from under the union negotiators. It is their first interest to convince the rank-and-file union members that only their leaders' toughness and skill are able to wring the final reluctant concession out of the company.

If the boycott does irreparable damage to the General Electric Company, that can hardly help present GE workers. If the boycott drives GE customers to competitors, domestic or foreign, some of them may not come back. A GE advertisement sums up accurately: "Lost customers mean lost business and lost business means lost jobs. Thus, in the long run, a boycott almost always hurts the very people it is supposed to help."

The legality of mass picketing to enforce a boycott against dealers not directly concerned in a labor dispute remains to be determined by the courts. But under the Norris-La Guardia and Taft-Hartley Acts (which nobody dares to re-examine) mass picketing and even vandalism and violence in a strike have become more or less accepted procedure. It is not probable that any intervention by the courts will come soon enough in the present instance to affect the outcome; and when it does come, past experience does not suggest much likelihood that any serious curbs will be imposed on union power.

Though neither side could have fully realized this in advance, the GE strike has become a major turning point not only for the current cycle of labor-management disputes but for the course of the economy, in particular for the future of the dollar. GE's offer is itself rather more than the profit potential of the company justifies, and is unlikely to be made up for by any substantial increase in the productivity of labor—which, for the first time in many decades, has virtually leveled off in U.S. manufacturing industries. The union's demands are strongly inflationary. GE is resisting with a firmness seldom shown by employers in recent years, and is trying to make its case known to the public. With this already protracted conflict joined between one of the nation's top-ranking corporations and the full apparatus of the organized labor movement, the outcome will almost certainly set a precedent for the series of labor contracts due for negotiation in the coming year. Indirectly if not directly, the scale of the generalized rise in wages thus brought about would promote either accelerated inflation or widespread unemployment or both. Those are the stakes.

Paris Non-Negotiations

Since experience has shown that they seldom speak the same language, Communist and non-Communist diplomats have taken to using "signals" when they want to communicate with each other, or with the rest of us. The resignation of Henry Cabot Lodge, chief of the U.S. delegation in Paris, and of his deputy, Lawrence Walsh, is a signal whose meaning is unmistakable. Translation: the Nixon Administration concludes that the Paris talks are accomplishing nothing toward ending the war; there is no point in playing them up merely to give the North Vietnamese a public forum for lies and propaganda; so long as the North Vietnamese decline serious negotiation, the U.S. will refuse to take the talks seriously; a competent professional team will remain in Paris, ready to listen, and to call for a change of signals, if and when the North Vietnamese decide they want to get down to business.

This public downgrading of the Paris talks is in line

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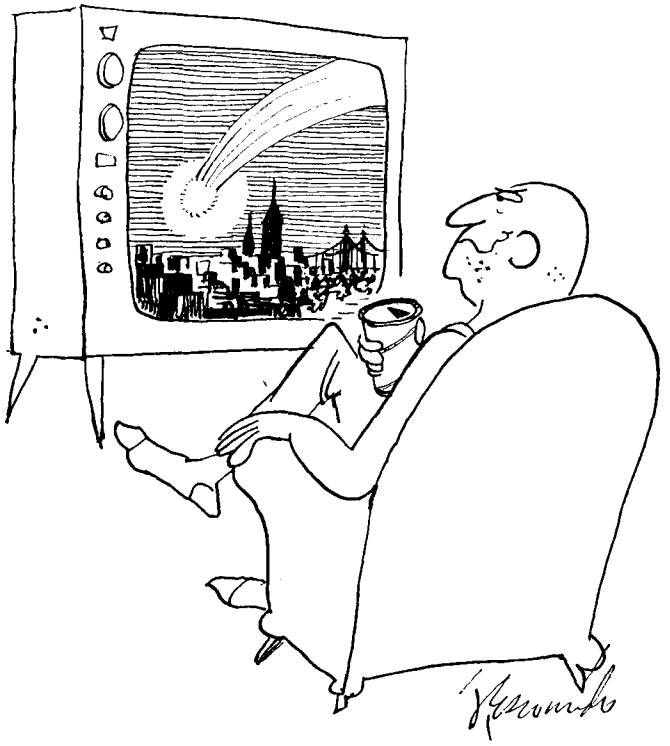
with the President's November 3 speech, in which he declared that, though he sought to end the war by negotiated agreement, his plan did not depend on achieving agreement or on what might or might not transpire in Paris. Communists have always conceived negotiations as a weapon; Mr. Nixon has blunted that weapon. By this signal he redirects full attention to the primary weapons and the critical place. In the last analysis it will be what happens in Vietnam that decides the result of the talks in Paris (or anywhere else, for that matter), not the other way around.

Germs and Gas

There is much less than meets the eye to President Nixon's policy statement on biological and chemical warfare. The viruses and bacteria now to be destroyed could never have been used anyway, since the diseases they cause could not be confined geographically. Objectively, then, destroying the germs is of interest mainly to the germs themselves, and to Sen. Charles Goodell, who hailed the move as a great step toward peace.

The President also announced, sensibly enough, that we will retain a retaliatory arsenal of chemical weapons, thus preserving our deterrent, but that we will not be the first to use them. No policy change there whatever. He also "extended this renunciation" to "incapacitating chemicals"—but the only U.S. weapon placed in this category is the gaz BZ, which is too expensive to use, and, in fact, often doesn't work.

Neither tear gas, which the U.S. does use (tear gas is defined as a riot control agent, not an incapacitating gas) nor defoliants is affected by the "new policy."



"Goodnight, Chet. G-good-bye, David."

Where Have All the Flowers Gone?

Unlike Songmy and the assassinations of 1968, neither the New York bombings nor the Sharon Tate murders have been blamed on the supposed shortcomings of American morals. As the two stories unfold, however, it is clear that neither crime is entirely an individual phenomenon.

Final judgment in both cases must wait until all the facts are in—though, unlike the case of Songmy, a good many facts *are* already known: enough to suggest, perhaps even to Chet Huntley and Walter Cronkite, that the bombings and the murders are connected with the American "counter-culture," much celebrated in song and fable, which has proliferated massively since 1960.

Jane Alpert, for example, the New York girl charged as one of the principals in the bombings, attended New York schools, Swarthmore and studied Greek at Columbia. Fatefully, Miss Alpert was "radicalized" during the Mark Rudd insurrection of 1968 at Columbia; she became a writer for the underground newspaper *Rat* and an active member of the "movement"; naturally, she moved into an East Village pad with her boy friend; and she has been spectacularly prominent at New York demonstrations featuring the Vietcong flag. In November, the bombs began to go off in "establishment" offices in New York City.

Out on the other coast, actress Sharon Tate, her unborn child, and four others were murdered last August under peculiarly gruesome circumstances. Several suspects have now been arrested, and ten others are being sought. According to the police, this group is part of an itinerant hippie cult which lived a nomadic existence in California, sometimes in Haight-Ashbury, sometimes out in the desert, and which had around sixty members at one time or another. The cult was led by an individual who claimed to be God, and it specialized in mugging, burglary, car-theft and song-writing; recreation consisted of sex, midnight motorcycling and murder. According to the police, the hippies conceived that in murdering Sharon Tate and the others they were "liberating" them from the sinful condition of affluence in which they were wallowing. The police connect the cult with "at least" eleven other murders. When the police moved in on the group, the girls were naked or bikini-clad and carried sheathed knives; shotguns and pistols were seized; and seven stolen cars were recovered. Two infants in the group were suffering from malnutrition.

Since 1960 there has grown up in the U.S. a highly visible and much publicized counter-culture. Its life-style derives from the hairiness of Fidel Castro, and from drugs; its behavior reflects a deep-seated hatred for civilized standards generally, and for the United States in particular. Its foci are Harvard Square, the East Village, Telegraph Avenue and the Hashbury, but its spores have

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alighted everywhere. Its peacefulness, when it is peaceful, has been much commented upon; but sometimes, as at Chicago and in Berkeley, it is not all that peaceful. In New York and Los Angeles its ethos has now issued in: mass murder and bombing.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill: My gratitude to NATIONAL REVIEW for all your innumerable kindnesses continues to grow, until the weight is almost unbearable. Perhaps I should write a poem to get it all out of my system. Under separate cover, I am sending you a copy of *Biafra: Britain's Shame* as a souvenir, and for some rather unpleasant bedside reading, but it is no good pretending that it even begins to serve as a token of my indebtedness.

The news from New York was not good for your Marchi, which is sad. The next move must surely be when one of your crazy editorial conferences, at a loss for a good eye-catching streamer for the cover, comes up with: "Buckley For President." Then I, my wife and four children and Biafran adoptee, not to mention two nannies, will all take American citizenship so that we can vote for you.

I had lunch with Denis Healey, our Secretary for Defense, last week, who told me that he thought we were very likely indeed to have a world war before 1980, which is encouraging. At present I am hopelessly involved in a campaign to get Michael Stewart, our Foreign Secretary, hanged. It is a long road. First, it will be necessary to re-introduce capital punishment in England. Next, it will be necessary to effect a change of government. After that, we will need to retire Alec Douglas Home. Throughout this time, we will need to keep Stewart alive —he is very old and visibly degenerating. But when he is swinging from a gibbet, I should have plenty of time for my campaign to make Buckley President.

England is rather a depressive place these days. We are involved in a great battle in our village to get the Anglican clergyman defrocked and deported to Australia. The details are almost unbelievably complicated, and I am not sure that I have mastered them, but it all seems to have started over the loan of a lawn mower. Nobody has yet explained to me who lent the lawn mower to whom, or why, but the whole thing was plainly a great mistake.

Ferdy Mount, your erstwhile protégé, has annoyed me very much by taking the genocidalists' part over Biafra. I can see a whole line of gibbets growing up.

Although my spiritual home will always be a long way south of the Mason-Dixon line, your kindness made even New York a haven of civilization and charm. I never saw any cotton pickers, nor a lynching, nor even a race riot, but I think I saw enough to have some understanding of what it means to be an American patriot, and if, in my next article, I can do anything to convey the warmth and depth of my admiration for God's own country, I shall feel that the trip was not quite such a disastrous drain on NATIONAL REVIEW's resources as your auditors may be tempted to claim.

Do you know, I never even drank a mint julep? I suddenly realized the omission on the aeroplane back, and raised hell with the air hostesses, but they did not have any mint.

All the best,
Auberon Waugh

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: On several occasions recently I have heard of three publications now in print either about you, by you or in which you were an author or editor. Specifically they are:

1) *Spectrum of Catholic Attitudes*, 2) *Odyssey of a Friend: Whittaker Chambers' Letters to Wm. F. Buckley 1954-1961*; 3) *Quotations from Chairman Bill.*

The bookstores in my town are rather limited in what they carry, and they don't seem to have any of the above. I would appreciate it if you would either obtain for me the above three items or inform me as to how I can get them.

Sincerely,
Carlos Kepke
Findlay, Ohio

Dear Mr. Kepke: Spectrum of Catholic Attitudes *was published last summer by Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc. and is available from the publisher. Whittaker Chambers' book will be published in late January or early February by Putnam. David Franke's* Quotations *will be published in late April by Arlington House. While we are at it,* Did You Ever See a Dream Walking: American Conservative Thought in the 20th Century *will be published by Bobbs Merrill in March and* The Governor Listeth *(son of Jeweler's Eye) will be published in August by Putnam. In September, you may rest.* —*WFB*

■ MEMO TO: The Editor
FROM: The Minister of Buttons

Help! We are struggling under a Johnstown Flood of button orders. Also suggestions for new buttons, of which my favorite is DO NOT ADJUST YOUR SET—PURPLE TONE AND SPLUTTERING CAUSED BY IRATE NETWORK EXECUTIVES.

Please tell your readers that we are still accepting orders, but cannot guarantee delivery in time for Moratorium III if orders are mailed after December 7. Buttons now in stock are:

SAY IT AGAIN, SPIRO
TELL IT TO HANOI
I DARE CALL IT TREASON
MORATORIA KILL
STOP HANOI (clever replica of stop-sign)

3 for $1; 8 for $2; 25 for $5; 100 for $12; 500 for $50; 1,000 for $75.

We have two all-purpose, all-American buttons on the drawing boards. If there's a Moratorium IV, I'm going back to that circus. —**WFB**

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AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

Torture in the USSR

PAUL J. LYONS

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL was founded in England in 1961 as a means of mobilizing international public opinion against the imprisonment and torture by totalitarian regimes of people whose only crime was to express unorthodox political or religious beliefs. The idea spread rapidly and Amnesty members around the world began to appeal to officials in both the East and West for the release of such prisoners or, at the very least, for open trials. Lawyers were sent to observe trials in Communist and non-Communist countries, and experts collected data on prisoners in order to identify the meritorious cases.

Amnesty International strives to remain ideologically uncommitted, its international representations being based on the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, the concepts of which the 1948 members of the UN claimed to support. Amnesty has investigated charges of persecution in such countries as Aden and Greece, and in both of these cases, the resulting publicity has had a marked effect on the ruling regimes, especially the Greek regime, whose continued membership in the Council of Europe, in which Amnesty holds consultative status, is now in doubt.

Amnesty believes that the general effects of its investigations in Greece have been beneficial. One of the more interesting side effects, however, is the way in which the Soviet press, with the glee of flagellants, has lapped up the torture reports. This is especially ironic, for in no case have reports of persecution and torture been as widespread and persistent as those coming out of the Soviet Union, where people are apparently tortured not only for political aberrations but also for racial and religious reasons and even for literary unorthodoxy. Perhaps the most notorious recent case is that of the writers Yuli Daniel and Andrei Sinyavsky.

Back in the summer of 1967 a Soviet diplomat in Washington explained the Daniel-Sinyavsky case to an audience of skeptical Amnesty members. "Every country," he observed, "has laws against pornography. Daniel and Sinyavsky were guilty of political pornography."

What happens to Russian writers of dirty books after they have been systematically vilified and paraded through kangaroo courts? The above and others are serving their stipulated years in compulsory labor camps, where conditions are grim indeed. These conditions are not discovered by sending in a couple of foreign lawyers, as could be done in Greece, to interview witnesses, examine scars, check stories and carry out

comprehensive notes. And there is no Soviet Civil Liberties Union eyeballing the People's Rights. But the embattled intellectuals and religionists, the families of political prisoners, and the burgeoning ranks of men and women who simply love freedom and know more about it than we could understand find ways to transmit their information and convey their information.

It always takes personal courage to buck a hostile Establishment. But it really takes guts to zero in on labor camps in the Soviet Union. That is what Larissa Daniel, herself a writer, did after her seventh visit to her husband, Yuli, at Potima Camp No. 2, 17th Section, 225 miles southeast of Moscow in Mordivinien. Her story appeared in the liberal Hamburg paper *Die Zeit*. Although it took several days for her to reach the almost inaccessible camp, by foot and hitch-hiking, she was not informed until the last minute by the camp administration that she would be permitted a visit of only one hour.

She was not allowed to take in the oranges, the pack of cigarettes, or the piece of cheese she had brought for Yuli. He was being punished for failure to fulfill his work norm—stitching 57 pairs of gloves per shift. (The norm in non-camp factories is seventeen to 25 pairs.) One of the reasons he had not fulfilled the norm was that he was ill. His ear was draining with pus. And there were at least two reasons he was ill. One was that his several petitions for medical treatment had gone ignored. The camp medical standard was quite simple: "To the doctor, unconscious, on a stretcher." The other reason for illness and non-fulfillment was the prison diet consisting of soured-cabbage soup, tough black bread, boiled skin and bones, and about fifteen grams of sugar. Dieticians say that an adult male performing heavy work, such as prisoners do, needs four thousand calories (instead of the 1,700 they were getting) and one hundred grams (instead of 68 or less) of protein per day in order to avoid losing resistance to disease in a few days. Extreme cold, of course, increases the caloric requirement. The Potima Camp diets, according to research by Amnesty International, are also deficient in vitamins A, C and D. Valentyn Moroz, a Ukrainian prisoner, complained to an administrator of a Potima Camp about ulcers and illness caused by the starvation diet. In a smuggled letter of April 1967 he said that the reply calmly given him was: "That's just what the punishment consists of—getting at the stomach."

If camp diets are a form of torture, medical practices can be regarded as a method of dealing the coup de grâce. The young Ukrainian Communist TV reporter Vyacheslav Chornovil documented the cases of twenty political prisoners of his own nationality, mostly artists, poets, writers and other intellectuals. The materials he collected included an anonymous letter from a prisoner in Camp No. 17 which verified the Daniel and other reports about the diet and stated that most of the male prisoners were invalids. "The so-called

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hospital," the letter read, "contained only seven beds to accommodate 225 invalids." No drugs. None allowed from the prisoners' families—not even vitamins. Prisoners had been sent back to work after cancer had been diagnosed, even though the doctors had the authority to exempt them. They died.

After her first visit to the camp Mrs. Daniel complained to a KGB official about the deplorable conditions. She was told that everything was in legal conformity with the camp regulations (this was difficult to confirm since the regulations were secret). She was warned not to talk to anyone or permit anything to appear in a newspaper about the camp. "Suffering due to sickness and hunger," concluded Larissa Daniel's article in *Die Zeit*, "cannot compare with the suffering of an average person who does not belong to the race of sentries—when he sees how invalids do kneebends during setting up exercises, sees how a guard kills a defenseless cat, when he hears crude insults. The prisoners are forced to attend political education classes—today the lecture is on humanism." This "average person" and others who openly opposed the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia are now serving long terms of exile or labor camp imprisonment.

Generally speaking, it simply does not pay to have an unofficial point of view in the USSR. But the holders of unofficial religious notions are singled out for particularly harsh treatment. Like the old Russian Orthodox Church described by many historians as the "rotten pillar of czardom," the peasant-based Evangelical Christian Baptists (ECB) became a compliant arm of the Russian state in this century when it grew into a large force among the people. In August 1961 a group of "Initiative Baptists" broke off from the government-sponsored ECB in order to "purify the Church and prepare for the Second Coming." The *Iniativniki* denounced the official ECB and drew off some members. According to the president and general secretary of the ECB, the *Iniativniki* wrote to the established churches: "Brothers and Sisters, keep yourselves pure of the sin of apostasy [official ECB] and their pastors, who cooperate with the World Council of Churches, that unites all religious trends, that is the Babylon of our days —the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth."

Those official words referred in part to an event that had taken place a couple of months earlier, about which an article appeared in the *Current Digest of the Soviet Press* (Oct. 4, 1967). It concerned the trial of three *Iniativniki* for conducting an unofficial Sunday School and teaching their gospel to children. "All three sat in the prisoners' dock with humbly bowed heads," said the Soviet writer. "In appearance they seemed respectability itself. Behind their masks of meekness and humility lurked seasoned wolves. They belonged to the illegal reactionary organization known as *Iniativniki* and were being tried for violating Soviet legislation on religious cults." Even a worse charge mentioned in the article was the dissemination of literature "slandering Soviet power" (good old Article Seventy). "The poem said that faith in God was persecuted in our country and that for believers nothing had changed in the last decades."

But the pastoral letter referred to somewhat more than one judicial charade. That was just part of a campaign. On March 30, 1967 a squad of eight secret policemen broke up an *Iniativniki* worship meeting at the Kiev home of Nikolai Pavlovich Schelestun. Several days later he was summoned to the militia HQ. He was beaten into unconsciousness in an effort to make him sign a confession saying that "at the meeting in the house of N. P. Shelestun anti-Soviet leaflets were read." He refused and was again beaten into unconsciousness. They finally wiped off two handkerchiefs full of blood from his mouth and nose and sent him home with a warning that the same fate awaited his friends. This incident was recounted in a petition to the Soviet government, signed by 78 *Iniativniki* in Kiev, which appeared in a June 5, 1967 letter from the Council of Relatives of [*Iniativniki*] Prisoners to UN Secretary General U Thant.

The same letter stated that one A. I. Kovalchuk had his spleen ruptured in a 1963 interrogation. A. Y. Pavlenko was said to have been tortured and denied medical treatment in 1966. A number of believers were said to have died of tortures and poor conditions in prison camps in 1964 and later. And in February 1968, a Kiev *Iniativniki* group complained that the life of their pastor, Georgi P. Vins, serving a three-year sentence in a labor camp in the Urals, was being deliberately endangered. After eight months of heavy labor (dragging logs from the forest), which included a daily walk of about twelve miles to work, he was suffering from physical exhaustion, heart disease, hernia trouble, and boils all over his body. In spite of his condition, which sometimes caused him to faint on the journey, he was not excused from work.

How does Amnesty International know that all these reports are true? The answer is that we do not honestly know in every case that every report is true, but there simply have been too many accounts in too much consistent detail, by too many people of too diverse motivations for any informed, intelligent, and objective person seriously to doubt the basic truth of the reports. And in the meantime, the trickle of evidence about what is happening to men and women in the Soviet Union who exercise what they regard as the universal right to hold and express beliefs has become a flood. Every authentic smuggled document, by the fact that it is sent out, is an appeal to the conscience of us all. Every peaceful public demonstration in Red Square for greater freedom and more humane policies is a plea for help from those who risk nothing but anonymity by responding. To write these brave people off with the notion that residence under a Communist form of government places them outside our scope of interest is to deny one's own humanity, and is an impossible position for anyone who sees something basic in human rights. The Soviet government rarely answers directly, and then only to denounce outside critics. But indirectly they answer every time they imprison someone for an idea or for sending a manuscript abroad, and every time they stage a trial in secret. Exposure is the best, if not the only, weapon against a conspiracy of silence.

And so, let us close with a pipe dream. In it all relatively free men and their relatively free governments regard political prisons and labor camps everywhere with an urgency so militant that it transcends ideologies. As though their very security is at stake they prod, poke and pick at the barbed wire, mortar and locks with a constant barrage of words, deeds and diplomatic action. For in this hysterically shrinking world none of us is free unless all of us are free. □

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The New Left has presented contemporary liberalism with a challenge it has been unable to meet. But what about the conservatives? Are they better equipped to handle it? And if so, how?

Shall We Let America Die?

DONALD ATWELL ZOLL

MUCH has been said about both the intellectual shortcomings and the operative decay of liberalism. Critiques have been initiated by both conservatives and radicals, but one feature of this tottering liberal edifice seems to be best sensed, perhaps unconsciously, by the revolutionaries of the New Left: liberalism contains within itself a *thanatos**—a "death-wish"—whose somber summons appears to be growing more insistent.

The death-wish of liberalism is expressed in its preference for extinction (with its ideological purities preserved) as against adaptation or revision, coupled with its pervasive belief in its own impending doom. Liberalism stands voluntarily helpless before its enemies, convinced that self-defense would violate its libertarian commitments, and more than half-convinced that its radical foes represent some inexorable "wave of the future" against which it is futile to struggle. The primary cause for this liberal paralysis (which extends even to its will to govern) arises from its assumption that the liberal ethos (pluralism, majoritarianism, relativism, et al.) is really not an ideological persuasion, but, instead, a transcendent social world-view that stands above ideological dispute and operates as a sort of majestic arbiter and keeper of the rules under which less spacious political ideas compete. This accounts for the pained amazement with which liberalism heard the angry denunciations of the New Left, a philosophical outlook far more alien to its mood than that of its previous conservative and Old Left critics.

*I have employed this term not for its possible esoteric charm, but rather because it has been invoked by Professor Herbert Marcuse (although in a somewhat different mood and context).

The shock of finding itself the target of dialectical attacks and insurrectionary threats stunned liberalism to the degree that it had no response other than to reiterate its professed values once more, but this time in an increasingly nervous voice and with the sort of bafflement one occasionally sees in an indulgent parent who is angrily rejected and denounced by his child. Liberalism discovered (it took little discernment) that there are those who are out after its hide, out to destroy those supposedly self-evident truths upon which liberalism has rested its two-century-old benevolent domination of Western political life.

At first, liberalism viewed the New Leftists with both a certain degree of sympathy (after all, they, too, were "humanitarians") and a measure of optimism regarding the disruptive effects of their conduct. Had not liberalism learned to live with the Old Left, to bring dissident radicals into the pluralistic fold? It would be the same this time.

But it wasn't. The New Left was more radical (in the basic sense of that term) and its adherents were obviously willing to shoot at people. When they talked about "revolution," they meant storming a hundred Bastilles, not changing the minds of men after the fashion of older and more comfortable collectivists. The New Left wouldn't play by the rules—it denied their efficacy and mandate.

What to do now that the fox was loose in the chicken-yard in this appallingly uncustomary fashion? There were only three choices for liberalism: 1) it could repress its opponents (thus entailing a candid recognition that it had real live opponents, not just far-distant and exotic political systems); 2) it could stand pat and reaffirm its principles and hope for the best (which meant anticipating that the New Left really didn't mean what it said and was susceptible to housebreaking); or 3) it could prepare itself, with what dignity it could summon, to meet its demise, faithful to the end to its anti-autocratic commitment.

The liberal establishment was unwilling to embrace 1) since it would involve the abrogation of its "democratic" preferences, and 2) proved impracticable for the simple reason that the New Left revolutionaries gave every evidence of meaning precisely what they said. Hence, liberalism's custodians were left with the last and ostensibly unattractive alternative. The implicit decision to capitulate would not be so horrendous an event *if* liberalism were no more than one contending ideology among others. But liberalism was, in fact, in possession of the seats of social and cultural authority. In its hyper-fastidious decision to surrender

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rather than to fight, liberalism was in reality giving away the society which was, in turn, peopled by many who were neither "liberal" in political persuasion nor infected with the *thanatos*.

This melancholy predicament arose from liberalism's inability to distinguish between the repression of a hostile movement (an act unacceptable to liberal principles), and upholding the "rules of the game" (presumably legitimate in terms of liberal dogma). Why could not liberalism see that "the enemy" was not some antiliberal theory contending for recognition, but a revolutionary force dedicated to destroying not liberalism per se, but the social corpus over which liberalism presided and to which liberally evolved rules of freedom and fair play applied?

This is a fascinating question. Was it not essentially simple to discriminate between a group of people carrying bombs to burn or blow up a university and a group of *recherché* intellectuals pleading some unconventional cause within the customary confines of the university marketplace? Liberals appeared unable to make this rudimentary distinction. The answer must lie not in the obscurity of the phenomenon, but in the strange mental processes of the liberals themselves. Could it be fear? But surely the liberals enjoy decisive power should they elect to invoke it. Could it be patient forbearance? Such passive fortitude in the face of threats to survival seems possible only on the part of mystics endowed with some ultimately reinforcing eschatology. Liberals are hardly so constituted; liberalism lacks the cosmic scope to justify such resignation.

The viable hypothesis to explain this paralysis is liberalism's utter weariness with itself, its spiritual malaise that now affects its ability to move, to respond. Liberalism is like some aged elephant who seeks escape from the challenges of the herd and looks for a quiet glade in which to lie down and die undisturbed. It wishes for its own death, the surcease of philosophic travail and ungraceful debilitation.

Choice for Conservatives

But the liberal *thanatos* becomes, in the dispositions of power, a decision inferentially binding upon less morbid areas of thought and opinion. And as the intellectually fatigued liberal establishment searches for a soft and private couch on which to expire, conservatives are faced with a terrible decision, undoubtedly the most crucial challenge to the conservative mind in this century.

If contemporary conservatism is not infected with a death-wish—and, indeed, displays considerable powers of rejuvenation—it does share many civilized values with liberalism: most conspicuously, the values connected with libertarianism and legalism. Convinced of the rationality of his own viewpoint, the conservative, much like the social democrat, has always accepted the pluralistic arena and its rules. Even if the conservative may be pessimistic about the chances of his political theories in a given cultural or historical era, he preserves the belief that the basic *Weltanschauung* of historical conservatism is close to the roots of human nature. Consequently, if given the choice, the conservative would presumably prefer the maintenance of the liberal hegemony to the excesses of leftist experimentation, to say nothing of the persecutions that a New Left revolution would be likely to introduce.

However, though the conservative might elect to support liberalism (as against the alternative of a new Jacobinism), in the hour of its trial, this would be a meaningful step only if liberalism displayed signs of wishing to defend itself. A liberalism bent on self-immolation would sound the death-knell not only of itself but of conservatism also, as of other non-liberal, non-revolutionary political belief-systems.

The problem for conservatism, thus, is either to go down with liberalism, clinging to the common values and abiding by the traditional rules of the game or to elect to fight, uninhibited by the liberal *thanatos* or by liberal proprieties as to method. It is not an easy choice to make. On the one hand, there is a theoretical chance that democratic pluralism might somehow survive on its own, in which case conservatism could weather the storm without coming down from its intellectual mountain to employ techniques both unfamiliar and distasteful. The risk in this procedure, of course, is that liberalism, due to its latent urge for self-destruction, would not survive, and that totalitarian radicalism would win the day.

The alternative is also difficult and risky. It might imply common cause with the radical Right or even some variety of expedential fascism—hardly an appealing association. It would be a dark moment for a conservative to accept the necessity of countermilitancy, repression, force and forms of authoritarianism far outside the norms of his historical vision. The vigilante character of most types of direct political action run against the grain of the conservative mind.

The term *conservatism* has many meanings, but two of them are these: a) a reluctance to accept radical or drastic solutions to social and political problems, and b) a dedication to the con-

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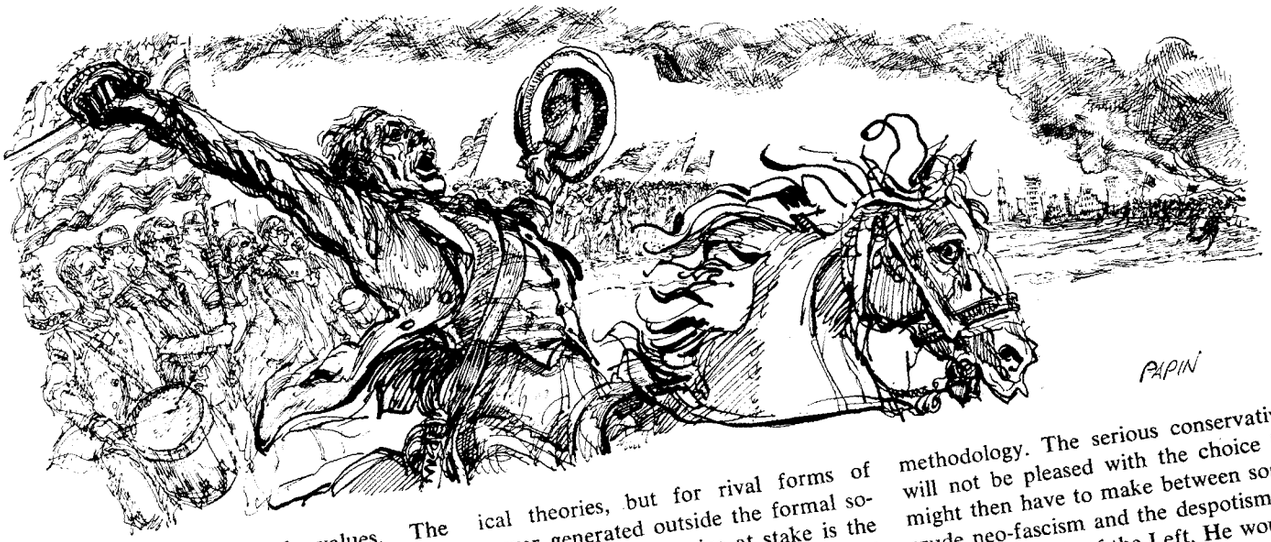

servation of cultural values. The question that faces contemporary conservatism results, in part, from the tensions that exist between these two commitments. One side of the conservative nature is repelled by any proposal to engage in drastic and unconventional political action, while the other demands a forceful defense of vital social values.

The very real threat, in the years ahead, of the overthrow of moderate, pluralistic, political control in the United States by revolutionary elements raises this tension beyond the level of academic analysis. What is the conservative to do? Which historical commitment ought to prevail?

The answer depends, in large measure, on what actually follows the collapse of liberalism both as a broad philosophical mood and as a "gentlemen's club" controlling the power resources of Western society. It may be that the power vacuum created by the retirement of liberal political leadership will induce a more or less natural shift to a moderate conservatism, a sort of popularized politics of the Right. If this is the case, then conservatives need only respond to the call to service. This eventuality hinges on two conditions: a) decisively large sectors of the population, fearing the radicalism of the New Left and observing that liberalism is unwilling or incapable of handling it, seek to check it by supporting a reasonably mild right-wing social and political therapy; b) the New Left, through lack of either will or means, fails to bring about a violent political and social upheaval that would make the peaceful continuity of power and authority impossible.

But what if these factors do not conjoin? The power vacuum then becomes a dog-pit, not only for contesting political theories, but for rival forms of power generated outside the formal social structure. The prize at stake is the conquest of the public authority and physical power of the state. The very nature of the situation creates competing codes and doctrines extreme in content and alien to the balancing compromises of liberal polity. The stringent demands of such a rudimentary struggle of power and ideas invites political approaches that are totalitarian in nature: not quite in the original fascist sense that puts all aspects of life under the aegis of political authority, at least in the general sense that political theory can no longer restrict itself to general conditions and procedural rules, but must offer a comprehensive, authoritative resolution of a large number of specific political and social questions.

The New Left, like all gnostic faiths, is certainly totalitarian in this latter sense, and it also introduces an elitism based upon a curious conception of secular revelation. Conservatism could find itself facing a totalitarian messianism with an enthusiasm for violence, bestriding the corpse of post-Lockean liberalism.

What to Conserve?

It may not be until this point that conservatism will feel forced to choose between conservative political methodology and the conservation of society. It will take the latter as its primary commitment. It must then confront the practical implications of its theoretic choice, and consider the dynamics of political struggle and the techniques of gaining and using power.

If the New Left eventually calls out for domestic revolution, there will be responses in the same idiom, the same methodology. The serious conservative will not be pleased with the choice he might then have to make between some crude neo-fascism and the despotism of the new evangels of the Left. He would, in fact, have already been dealt out of the great game.

To avoid this sterile predicament in the event of these dire provocations, conservatism must: a) acknowledge the primacy of social conservation; b) reject both the death-wish of liberalism and its anti-authoritarian inhibitions; c) prepare to fight—whatever this may entail—against the tide of contemporary Jacobinism, candidly facing the necessity of employing techniques generally ignored or rejected by contemporary Western conservatives. There may come a time when some new Locrian code may be preferable to the chaos and misery of organized irrationalism enshrined in the seats of power; a Bismarck is much to be preferred to a Robespierre. Conservatism will need to move faster than the primitive Right, if the political life of the future is to be more than a battle between demagogues and adventurers.

These remarks may cause a certain amount of shock or dismay. But in the modern age there has been a skeleton in the conservative closet. Its name is *order*. It is a "skeleton" because it is both fundamental to historical conservative doctrine and yet usually kept carefully obscured, perhaps as a concession to the liberal sensitivities that have been predominant in the culture. The time may be close at hand when this basic principle must be openly acknowledged by contemporary conservatism. Conservatism must be willing, in consequence, to face with honesty and even bravery the implications of that commitment to order. □

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LETTER FROM CHICAGO

The Theater of the 'Conspiracy'

PHILLIP ABBOTT LUCE

THE "CONSPIRACY TRIAL" of the eight men indicted as a result of the violence surrounding the Democratic Convention in Chicago last year has the theatrical qualities of a muted rehashing of the televised street scenes during that bizarre confab of politicos. The publicity surrounding this trial and the profound legal implications seem less interesting to the layman than the titillating political ramifications.

The trial has become a legal "happening": the defendants using the courtroom for guerrilla theater. Everyone seems serious except those on trial. The political defense is being centered around revolutionary rhetoric; the defendants refuse to cater to the generally accepted etiquette of courtroom procedure.

The defendants have made it abundantly clear from the time of their indictments that they consider the trial a crock. Says Tom Hayden of SDS: "Since the trial has sparked widespread international concern, the Conspiracy hopes to turn it into a political showdown."

New Left 'Martyrs'

Upon being indicted, the eight called themselves the "Conspiracy" as if to flaunt the essence of the law under which they were to be tried. The "Official Pogrom" of the trial (selling for $1) is called "the Chicago Conspiracy *v.* the Washington Kangaroos." This comic book approach to the trial makes it obvious that the defendants are less interested in the court case than in winning the hearts and minds of the alienated youth in this country.

The Chicago Eight are an odd lot. Tom Hayden is a revolutionary of the SDS school. David Dellinger, at 54, is the old-time radical pacifist. Bobby Seale is a Black Panther. Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman are political "crazies." Rennie Davis is a contact of the National Liberation Front: he traveled to Hanoi in July of 1969 to escort three captured American servicemen from behind enemy lines. John Froines and Lee Weiner are New Leftists.

Chief Defense Counsel William Kunstler, a self-styled "people's lawyer," has in the past represented H. Rap Brown, Stokely Carmichael and Adam Clayton Powell. His courtroom behavior has brought him into lightning exchanges with the bench. "We're affected," he says, "by the fact that our clients will not own up to the legitimacy of the court and the legitimacy of the procedures under which they are being tried, but stand there really as very brave and articulate men who refuse to knuckle under to any courtroom disciplines other than the absolute minimal requirements."

Judge Julius Hoffman is 74 years old, austere and balding, and is in a most unenviable position: as a responsible and reasonable judge he faces a group of incorrigible media-oriented defendants, students, one and all, of Marshall McLuhan. He faces daily hectoring of the "you fascist dog! you fascist pig!" variety and worse, much worse.

What is difficult to understand is that none of the defendants gives a good damn about the question of justice, let alone the possibility of impending imprisonment. The Chicago Eight have turned the courtroom around. Not only do they refuse to comply with tradition, but they are using the trial as a weapon in their assault on our contemporary culture and politics. To the "Conspiracy" the whole thing, the trial, is a revolutionary game to be played on their terms or not at all.

The Eight don't worry about paltry things like jail because they are going on the assumption they will never actually be behind bars for any extended period of time. An appeals court will override a guilty verdict. It will take years before the final appeals are heard. They can always skip the country. That's how the thinking goes.

The defendants are defiant in attitudes and surly in behavior. From the first day, when they gave clenched fist salutes or blew kisses to the jurors, they made it clear they are super-cool zippies. They are appealing neither to the judge nor to the jury (and certainly not to the prosecution) but to the young people of the nation.

The court is in a dilemma. There are various procedures all courts can avail themselves of under our system of justice. But the defendants know just how far to go before the judge slaps them down. They hope to provoke Judge Hoffman into making outrageous rulings and statements. This trial is to be a reenactment of the Daley fiasco of 1968. What they want, and what the Judge may ultimately be forced to give them, is martyrdom.

And Bobby Seale

Bobby Seale was the most outrageous of the defendants. His outbursts were calculated to gain him publicity and possible martyrdom. They gained him both when the judge was forced to bind and gag him lest he continue to disrupt the trial. Ultimately, Judge Hoffman declared a mistrial in Seale's case and sentenced him to four years in prison for contempt of court. Legal opinion is divided on whether Judge Hoffman was correct in refusing to allow Seale to defend himself or to suspend the trial until Seale's lawyer—who was recuperating from an operation—could arrive in Chicago, but most lawyers agree that Judge Hoffman was remarkably restrained in not taking contempt of court action against Seale earlier in the proceedings.

Whatever the final outcome, the nation has witnessed revolutionary theater surpassing any of the current soft-core pornography on Broadway. The "Conspiracy" has aimed its full barrage of propaganda at the youth of this country and it will be some time before the results are in. Abbie Hoffman puts it this way:

> Someday real soon we're going to see posters in the post office that say "WANTED FOR CONSPIRACY TO INCITE RIOT" and there smiling out at us will be pictures of our favorite rock groups. Unreal? Well, maybe you're not hip to what's been going down lately. The Law-and-Order apes and this senile dinosaur we call a government have flipped out.

Chicago's "Conspiracy trial" in which the tactics of the street have moved into the courtroom bodes ill for all of us who have not yet "flipped out." □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Sniping at Springboks, A New British Game

ELSPETH HUXLEY

WE ARE a peevish lot these days in Britain, given to lightning strikes about everything from mealtime pay to dirty towels in washrooms; and especially to jeering at visiting footballers from countries of whose policies we don't approve. That just means South Africa. No one jeers at visiting Russians, and I don't suppose they would at Chinese, if Mao's thoughts turned to Red Guard rugby football teams. The Springboks, however, are splendid targets. Just how we shall help the victims of apartheid by being rude to sportsmen supposed to be our guests hasn't been made clear; but then, clear thinking is scarcely one of our strong points these days.

Ironically, this barracking of visiting Springboks comes at a time when cracks are beginning to appear in the monolithic façade of the much-hated apartheid. At least, to us they look like cracks: acceptance in the Republic of black diplomats and visiting missions on terms of social equality, the same for Maori members of New Zealand's touring rugby football team. Such things would have been unthinkable in South Africa a half-dozen years ago, and cause so much consternation today that the hard-core *verkramptes* led by Dr. Albert Hertzog, former Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, have broken away from the ruling Nationalist Party to form the HNP, Herstigte Nationale Party, to challenge Mr. Vorster at the general election to be held next spring.

To give away an inch of ground about apartheid, these stalwarts believe, is to betray Afrikanerdom, and that is just what Mr. Vorster, if he continues on his present course, will do. To see this stubborn, tough, almost archetypal Afrikaner as a liberal reformer, a sort of Khrushchev to former Premier Verwoerd's Stalin, takes a bit of doing for outsiders, but that is how he seems to Dr. Hertzog and his followers. This being the case, you might think that we in Britain should be giving Mr. Vorster and his *verligte* (outward-looking) henchmen a pat on the back instead of yet another kick in the teeth, while reminding them, no doubt, that they still have a long, long way to go towards redemption. The only beneficiaries of this display of childish spite are likely to be Dr. Hertzog and his *verkramptes*, who have maintained all along that trying to come to terms with the rest of the world is a total waste of time and to stick to the full, whole and uncorrupted doctrine of apartheid is the only answer.

But Mr. Vorster and his followers do not regard the exemption from strict apartheid of a few black diplomats and sportsmen—always provided that they are not South Africans—as a weakening of the doctrine. On the contrary, they see it as a step towards its logical conclusion. To most outsiders, apartheid means just one thing: whites keeping blacks under and denying them almost all civil rights. To Afrikaner theorists, apartheid does not mean that at all, even if that is what in fact happens: it means what it says, separate development. Blacks are not necessarily inferior to whites, just separate. In their own sphere, they can rise to any height; the two races, so long as they dwell in separate houses, can shake hands over the garden wall.

Whether this is just hypocrisy and double-talk is another matter: the point is that Mr. Vorster is acting on it; hence Malawi and Lesotho diplomats dining at white Pretorian hotels, swarthy Maoris sipping cocktails with white South African girls. And hence Afrikaner spleen. Just how far this will carry them may be surmised after the general election. The Nationalist Party has often been accused of rigging the electoral machinery in favor of the rural backveld where its staunchest supporters live, to the detriment of the fast-growing, dangerously free-thinking cities whence its rival, the South African Party, draws its main support. This contrivance may now turn out to be a trap for the Nationalist leadership. Most of Dr. Hertzog's *verkramptes* are on the backveld, most of Mr. Vorster's *verligtes* in the towns.

It looks as if South Africa may be approaching a watershed of policy of enormous importance to the rest of the world. On which way things turn, the peace of Africa—or relative peace—may well depend. If Vorster, Foreign Affairs Minister Muller and the rest of the *verligtes* lose out, the waters will run backward again and an open confrontation between white and black Africa will seem inevitable in the end. If the waters run the other way, toward the mainstream of the world, there is at least a chance that this can be averted and an accommodation reached.

It's often said that Africans are realists and that the leaders of the black African states will one day come to terms with their powerful and hated neighbor. Probably African politicians are no more, and no less, realistic than any other politicians, but the fact remains that Mr. Vorster's Republic is the only rich, strong and economically progressive country on the continent and acts already as a powerhouse across political lines. Malawi is involved with Mozambique and South Africa in the great Cabora Bassa dam and hydroelectric project on the Zambezi, and with Lesotho in parallel developments there. This would therefore seem to be the right moment for the non-African world, if it really wants peace in Africa, to try to bring the two sides closer together rather than to turn its back on one of them in a kind of petrified (in its proper meaning) tantrum. But race is a subject we've handed over wholly to the emotions, and kicked reason out of the back door.

IT'S ALSO A SUBJECT concerning which some heavy disillusionment is going on. Britain currently spends around $490 million annually on direct aid to the so-called developing countries, of which rather under $200 million goes to Africa. There are growing doubts about this. How much of the money really does develop anything, and how much goes into the pockets of the corrupt politicians who abound? (Tanzanians have a word for them—wa-Benz, after the Mercedes-Benz so many of them drive around in.) Worse still, does the aid help finance armaments and wars?

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If the leaders aren't corrupt, they're liable to be generals or colonels, and do we really want to aid *them*? Charity begins at home—and how many desperately needed homes wouldn't the money provide? And so on. Although both our parties pay lip-service to the need for more aid, in practice less is being given; for while the annual handout remains about the same, it buys less aid, because of inflation, and it has not kept pace with the rise in the GNP to which all donor nations' programs are supposed to be tied.

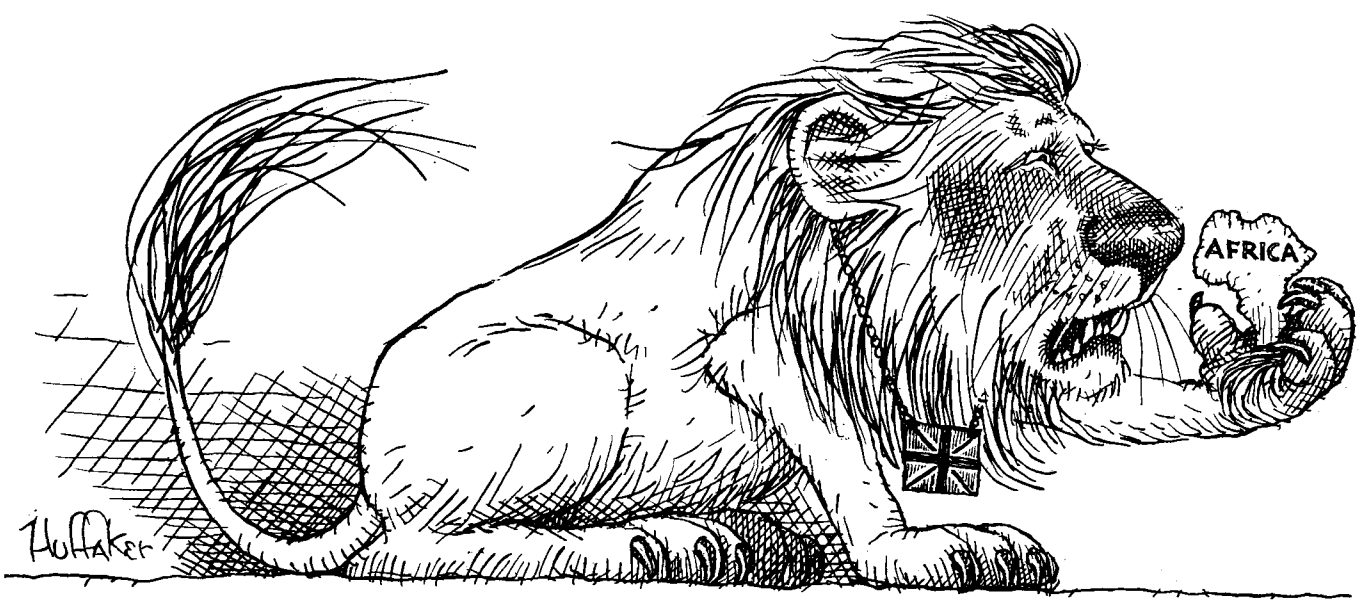
No one disputes the need for aid. The gap between affluent and threadbare nations widens, not the reverse, and the population explosion has hair-raising implications. There are twice as many people under sixteen in the developing as in the advanced countries, and employment does not even begin to keep pace. In many countries only about one citizen in ten is in paid employment at all; the rest are on the land trying to grow enough food to feed their families and very often not succeeding at that. In other words, "developing" is not only a euphemism for these countries, it can be a downright lie. In such circumstances even the considerable annual flow, including private investment and multilateral loans, of some $12.8 billion from rich nations to poor ones is merely a drop in a bottomless sea. You can prime a pump but not fill an ocean. Hence the disillusionment.

In 1967, the World Bank appointed a commission under Mr. Lester Pearson to look at the question of how aid has worked to date and how it should be worked in future. Its recently published report, *Partners in Development*, puts the aid program on a dissecting table and concludes that things are not as hopeless as they seem. Certainly, they say, waste has occurred; things have got stolen, lost, delayed; some of the worst of the waste is due to the donor countries' own tendency to swaddle their aid in so much red tape that the recipients spend months or years, and scarce and precious skilled manpower, in trying to unravel it and fill in questionnaires. There have been some positive achievements all the same. If aid continues to slacken—it is "stagnant" now, they say—these achievements will be lost, the recipient countries will go downhill and this won't be comfortable for the donors either; discontent, anger and resentment, maybe revolution, will grow. An all-out effort is needed to restore the target of 1 per cent of each donor country's GNP. Nearly all lag well behind this, except France, Germany and Portugal.

So THE CARDS are on the table, and the donor nations must make up their minds. (There are fifteen of them, and eighty recipients; between them they channel in direct aid, excluding private investment and hedged-about loans, some $6 billion a year, maintain about a hundred thousand experts of all kinds overseas, and train about eighty thousand overseas students.) In Britain, Harold Wilson has put it on record that aid will not be cut back, although he hasn't said it will be raised either. There is a powerful lobby among back benchers of both parties in favor of pressing on towards the 1 per cent of GNP target, but the ordinary voter, so far as can be gauged, is dragging his feet. Lady Bountiful, he feels, went out with gunboats; it would be nice to have both back but one is no good without the other—even if Lady Bountiful, as some of her supporters say, is really a salesman in disguise.

All this contributes substantially to Britain's present snarling mood brought on by disillusionment, frustration and a sense of impotence in face of world events and trends, we cannot any longer influence, let alone control. We know we ought to help developing countries but feel we can't afford to—frustration number one. Even when we do help them, they're apt to squander our aid, throw away democracy and behave no better, even worse if possible, than Europeans do—look at Nigeria and Biafra. Frustration number two. Rhodesia: all our fine gestures, ringing speeches and actual sacrifice of trade have proved hollow as a tin whistle, and we've just been told that Smith's wicked rebels have increased their GNP by twice as much as the average of the countries we are aiding, rather than trying to throttle to death. Yet another frustration. There's something wrong with Africa, it seems.

The wicked flourish: nowhere more so than in the Republic of South Africa. It's extremely galling that this errant land, dedicated to injustice and inequality, should march so smugly and with apparent affluence in the wrong direction, cocking a snook at the world. It can't last, we know; nemesis lies in wait; but life is short and nemesis a long time in coming. Our ban on sales of arms to South Africa achieved nothing save a loss of trade. There seems nothing to be done, except try to stop the Springboks playing rugby football, and even that hasn't been achieved. It's a harsh world for the British ego as the 1970s dawn. □



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SYNODOLOGY

Catholic Bishops Meet in Rome

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

THE EXTRAORDINARY Synod of Bishops which met in Rome in the second half of October was "extraordinary" in the normal sense of the word. There has been a marked change in the attitude to papal authority in recent years, a change which is not confined to the laity. Fifty years ago, no Catholic periodical would have published an article as candid and as critical as the anonymous article on Synod possibilities which appeared in the September 1969 issue of that influential Catholic periodical, *Herder* Magazine. "Without such an agreed free area of thought and discussion to begin with," wrote *Herder*'s contributor, "without a common understanding of what Christian liberty (so much extolled by Vatican II) is to mean *in practice* for individuals and groups in the Church—such concepts as 'authority,' 'obedience,' 'loyalty to the Church' and the like become semantically and practically counterfeit. They become charged with phoniness. Will the Synod of Bishops begin, continue and end its work on a note of high phoniness or will it be a real, and in the administrative sphere, decisive embodiment of an instrument of the conciliar spirit of *aggiornamento*?"

This question was implicitly answered by Cardinal Heenan, Archbishop of Westminster, on October 18. "Both the Pope and the bishops," he said, "are honestly seeking to find ways in which there may be effective coexistence between the Holy See and the Church throughout the world." In an address to the Synod on October 13, the Cardinal contrasted two extreme views, both of which he rejected: 1) that the bishops were "only vicars of the Bishop of Rome," and 2) that "the Pope is only the vicar of the bishops." "This Synod," he added, "is undoubtedly opportune. Nobody who was present at the Council could have imagined that the renewal of the Church would produce the present confusion. That is why this Synod is opportune."

The Cardinal was no less candid about the results of the publication of *Humanae Vitae*, the Encyclical condemning contraception. "The Church of Rome, which until that time had been regarded as the exemplar of unity, suddenly became a spectacle of discord."

In his clear and candid defense of what is now known as collegiality, Cardinal Heenan was defending what most bishops desire. Collegiality was certainly supported by Cardinal Marty, Archbishop of Paris, and I heard a priest quote with enthusiasm his observation that if it was desirable for the Pope to consult bishops before making important doctrinal pronouncements, it was perhaps also desirable for bishops to consult the Pope before making similar pronouncements.

It was only a small minority of cardinals, notably Cardinal Danielou, the French Jesuit patrologist, who maintained that a reinforcement of the Pope's primacy and authority would be the most effective means of reversing the decline of faith and the loss of priestly vocations and general breakdown in morals in the modern world.

There would, perhaps, be less criticism of the Vatican if its publicity were more efficient. A cardinal who learns of the Encyclical on contraception from his morning paper, and who has no copy of *Humanae Vitae* to refer to when a succession of journalists ask for his reactions, has a genuine grievance and this case is not unique. As an example of its inadequate treatment of the press, the Vatican had not bothered to find an English or American priest to report Synod meetings to the group of English-speaking journalists gathered for it in Rome.

Since World War I, my wife and I have off and on spent many months in a flat lent to us by a Roman friend and I was naturally interested to discover the reaction of my Roman friends to the Synod.

In non-essentials the Church rightly does what it can to accommodate itself to the social standards of a particular society. Two of the noblest of the Roman families have for centuries held in turn posts of great honor in the papal entourage. Now that Demos is King, these posts have been abolished. We dined and lunched with a leading member of one of these families, and I was neither surprised nor convinced by her remark that nobody in Rome really loves the Pope, and that the general verdict was that the Synod was in a sad mess but that the good Lord would pull things together.

Mr. Patrick Smith OBE, who has been a resident in Rome for many years as the BBC correspondent, told me that the Romans were, in fact, more interested in the Synod than he had expected, but that inevitably the main interest at the moment was the increasing power of the Communists. A middle-aged Roman, a banker, said it was probable that the Communists, perhaps in alliance with the Socialists, might have a majority of deputies after the next election. Those present seemed less worried by this prospect than I expected, perhaps because, as one of them said, the average Italian Communist takes Communism no more seriously than the average Italian Catholic takes Catholicism.

It would be absurd on the basis of my experience in a fortnight to generalize on the reactions in Rome itself to the Synod, but at least I can report what I gathered from friends. I lectured to the Beda College for late vocations to the priesthood, spoke informally to some students at the English College where I had the honor of dining with Cardinal Heenan, lunched with the American Maryknoll Fathers, to whom I was introduced by my great friend the Benedictine Abbot J. R. Brooks, and met at the Hotel Columbus, bishops whom I had previously met on lecture tours in America and Canada. The conservatives were relieved and the extreme progressives were disappointed that there had been no constitutional change in the actual powers of the Pope. A small minority of those with whom I spoke were enthusiastic about the results achieved at the Synod, fewer still wrote off the Synod as a failure. The normal verdict was qualified approval.

II: *Reactions*

IN OUR WORLD, atheists and Communists, overt or camouflaged, are active in propagating their beliefs and in attacking not only the Christian credo but also the Christian code, and perhaps the main reason for the Christian decline is the social convention that it is a solecism for a Christian ever to discuss or defend his beliefs in mixed society. I was asked by seminarians at the end of my lecture to the Beda College what

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I thought the main weakness of the Church today. The main weakness of Christianity as a whole, Catholic and Protestant, is cowardice. Professor E. L. Mascall in *The Secularization of Christianity* comments on "the failure of nerve, which has stampeded so many contemporary theologians into a total capitulation to their secular environment." No one church has much hope of rescuing what was once a Christian civilization. What we need is militant ecumenism which does not stop at swapping compliments and pulpits but cooperates to *fight*. And there is a Christian public waiting for some such alliance.

Shortly before the opening of the Synod, an American priest, Father Gallagher, Chairman of the Education Study Commission of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, wrote me a long letter on the increasing neglect of apologetics (i.e., the defense of the Faith) in American schools and colleges. "Apologetics" he remarks was becoming "a dirty word."

It was therefore more than timely that the Pope in his address of October 19 should not only insist that it is the duty of every "disciple of Christ" to spread the Faith, so far as his capabilities permit, but that he should also have explicitly condemned *un irenismo agnostico*, an agnostic pacificism, by which he may well have been alluding to the fake ecumenicism which is a mere rationalization for cowardice and inactivity. After this moving and important papal address I called on an old friend, who often lunched with us when we were in Rome, Cardinal Wright, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Clergy, a splendid representative of the Church *militant*. In the course of a vigorous address he made an incidental allusion to the only Catholic bishop, St. John Fisher, who protested against Henry VIII's breach with Rome, and was executed as a result. "Would you believe it," said Cardinal Wright, "a Catholic bishop objected to my reference to Bishop Fisher as 'unecumenical.'" Cardinal Wright, of course, would be the first to agree that apologetics today should concentrate on converting atheists rather than on Catholic-Protestant polemics.

I was disappointed that the papal address on apologetics provoked no subsequent comment, whereas discussion about the relations between the Pope and bishops continued throughout the Synod. In the final assembly, the results of the Synod's activities were summed up in thirteen resolutions, none of which mentioned the Pope's explicit references to the present poor position of apologetics.

I realize that the Synod was summoned to discuss the structure of the Church and episcopal relations with the Pope and obviously, as the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec remarked to me, there was no time for a full discussion of Catholic problems, far more important than those which were the official theme of the Synod. Not for a *full* discussion I agree.

The African bishops, I was told, were in the main disappointed by the Synod, which in their view was too exclusively concerned with the problems of countries once Christian. Few of them were particularly interested in the discussions of papal primacy. Their main concern was not for more power for the bishops but for more financial help for poverty-stricken areas in Africa.

'Test of Success'

Some cardinals were not wholly convinced by the Pope's unqualified reaffirmation of the need to insist on celibacy for the priesthood, but I am told there is no immediate prospect of a change. In the modern world, the profession of noble sentiments is as common as noble deeds are rare, and many people, in consequence, apply one particular criterion to all propagandists: "What are the beliefs, which he professes, *costing* him?" I recently watched young people on television demonstrating against apartheid, just the kind of thing I would have enjoyed in my youth. They were obviously, bless them, having great fun, but what has their campaign cost them? A priest, on the other hand, who has taken that difficult and exacting vow of celibacy has clearly paid a high price to demonstrate the sincerity of his convictions.

Cardinal Heenan told me that whereas at the Vatican Council there had been much talk of "conservative" and of "progressive" bishops, he himself had never heard these expressions used at the Synod, and further that it was utterly mistaken to imply that the leading supporters of "collegiality" had the slightest sympathy with the neo-Modernism which is causing considerable anxiety in orthodox circles. The Cardinal himself is disturbed by the over-emphasis on love in Christianity, for there is a very stern side to Christian love. Christ came to bring "not peace but a sword."

I agree with my friend, Tom Burns, the distinguished editor of the *Catholic Tablet*, that the most important achievement of the present Synod was to ensure that a similar episcopal Synod should meet every two years. It was, I admit, inevitable that the present Synod should be mainly concerned with structural and constitutional changes in the Church, but let us hope that the next Synod will be primarily concerned with the position of Christianity as a whole. The blunt fact is that Christians are being licked and, in the main, deserve to be licked. A coherent and disciplined minority, which knows exactly what it wants, will normally prove too efficient for a disunited majority uninspired by a common and militant determination to defend the values in which they believe. As Hilaire Belloc remarked, the devil is not as black as he is painted, and at the moment the devil is winning.

My own view is that the Synod was necessary and useful. The Church is inevitably influenced by the contemporary climate of opinion. Whereas many disillusioned Christians became Marxists, today Marxists disillusioned by the result of Communism in Soviet Russia, notably the invasion of Czechoslovakia, are becoming nihilists. The revolt against authority as such, has produced our permissive society, the main difference between which, and the permissive society of Nero's Rome was that the Romans were not permitted to be Christians, but even this difference may be only temporary and in due course our Christians may be thrown to the hippies.

This revolt against authority has not been without influence on the Church and finds a very modified expression in the demand for a new relationship between Pope and bishops.

Cardinal Heenan summed up with his welcome clarity what many believe to be the true justification for this Synod:

"Citizens of the City of God no less than citizens of modern nations are prepared to submit to authority only when it is seen to be reasonable and responsible. To reject authority is to invite anarchy. To question authority is not anarchic. The test of the success of this Synod will be the restoration of confidence in the Church. If the Synod were to fail the apostles of anarchy would be victorious." □

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TRAVELS WITH MELROSE

Impressions and Conclusions on diverse things: the food in Louisiana, race relations in the South, the fabulous Interstate Highway system, Operation Intercept, and why Goldwater was right about the Northeast

More Notes from the Road

JAMES BURNHAM

SASABE, ARIZ. The ranch compound, austere and elegant in the manner of the Spaniards who designed it two hundred years ago, is a small oasis in the Southwest's great desert. (How it would have astonished those Spaniards and their monarch to have known that one boundary of the grant he made them was to become the border of the northern republic!) Only two or three outsiders besides ourselves are here; perhaps sixty live in the Escalantes' little border village a half hour's ride away. But Washington is here, in the person of the ex-Marine, now a Treasury agent, assigned to Operation Intercept. Two days ago he dredged $25,000 worth of marijuana from the false bottom of a Ford pickup trying to make it through the port of entry, and on these full-moon nights he sets out into the desert with his shotgun, field glasses and thermos of coffee to a post from which he can watch the segment of the border fence where he knows some of the smugglers have been breaking through. He is serious about his mission: he has two teen-aged children; the pot, he says, is headed for the high schools. He knows it can't be stopped altogether, but the theory is that if it's made hard enough to get and its price is forced high enough, it will leave the high school campuses, though doubtless the universities and suburbs will still get what they want.

Washington is newly conspicuous in the village. Since we were here three years ago Washington has staked out a compound for the border officers, and built them four desert-style houses, complete with central air conditioning. And Washington was actively present at the cattle-dipping we rode over to one afternoon. While a customs officer checked off the four-legged immigrants,

the Department of Agriculture, doubly represented, drew two thousand gallons of water for the concrete tub; told two of the Mexicans how much disinfectant to stir in; and, as the hundreds of silly white-faced Herefords stumbled, slid and crashed one by one into the puritanical bath, goaded, shoved and shouted at by the legion of Mexican corral hands, Washington perched above the exit to pour a completing cup on any square inch that might have escaped baptism. While the cattle were being driven through the maze of the corral to the Texas trucks, Washington flew tiny specks of light from Davis-Monthan or Williams through the cloudless sky over our heads, for patrol or exercise.

Three-fourths of the neighbor ranch's 250,000 acres, like three-fourths of all the land in the mountain and desert states, is Washington's. It was Washington that had placed on the top of Mt. Kitt, thirty miles to the north, beyond the cubist peak of Baboquiviri, chief Spirit of the Papago, those strange white shapes, just visible from the distant road below, that pursue the secrets of the moon and sun, and Washington that fertilizes the highrise dormitories we saw popping up like spring dandelions on the university campus at Tucson. It is Washington's money and backing that makes possible the Sun Cities, Green Valleys, Leisure Villages that are geometrically multiplying in the Arizona and California sun. And it is Washington that builds the great roads, watches the forests, piles up the huge dams and creates the lakes that stretch out behind them. Society's anatomy and physiology are hidden under the mass of the great cities, but are plain to the eye in the countryside and open places. For some reason, I was struck on this journey more than I had ever been with the ubiquity of the central government's eye and arm. Our social order is, is now, a semi-socialism. That clock is not likely to be turned back. That is the way it is, for better or worse—for better and worse, really.

Fort Stockton, Texas. The Interstate road system is surely the greatest architectural and engineering achievement in history. The Roman and Incaic roads and aqueducts are as close analogies as any, I suppose, though there is a sense in which the medieval cathedrals considered as a system are perhaps even closer. Many of the Interstate routes are visually breathtaking in their triumphant sweep over and through every terrain resistance; plain, valley, mountain, forest, swamp, desert, water, city for that matter, all give way. Functionally, the statistics of travel speed and accidents prove the Interstates' quantum

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superiority to all predecessors. Most extraordinary of all is not this or that particular feature but the grandeur of the imaginative vision that conceived the Interstates as a whole—for they are an organic whole—interlocking, integrating and expressing the gigantic continent-stretched nation, and the daring that went ahead with this project in the face of the colossal cost and unprecedented technical and social obstacles. (Can it be that all this was the offspring of a bureaucratic hierarchy of committees, or was there somewhere, unsung, an individual creator?)

Technology, Nature and Man

But like all imperial monuments, the Interstates get boring after a while. I am a sucker for nature, but the Interstates are too inhuman, too inhumane. They are, one might say, the dialectical opposite of the all-too-human strips that are an equally pervasive element in our macroscopic landscape. The economic and engineering considerations that direct so much of the Interstates' length through uninhabited land isolate them too coldly from humans and things human. The combination of safety notions and social planning (of the public housing sort) that led to the decision against having any service facilities or billboards along the right of way, and few enough of the bare, uncozy "rest areas," is finally depressing. In many states, thanks to the conservationists and beautifiers (if Spiro Agnew is looking for effete snobs, there is a crowd to which he might turn his attention), billboards have been banished in many states even from the nearby land along the right of way; driving through the eternal nature, one begins to long for a few. For travelers, billboards can furnish timely and important information, but beyond that utilitarian function their messages are warm with human acts and passions. Happily the great oil companies have managed to fool the Interstate priesthood by lifting their gay and handsome symbols high and bright enough in the heavens to break through the imposed taboo of the beautifiers.

New Roads, La. What could have tasted better that first Louisiana afternoon—after those hours of backroad driving through the hot air, heavy with the sweet smell of molasses and the smoke of burning bagasse—than those Grand Isle oysters, a great-circle dozen each, opened as we sat at the bare counter in Abbeville, and the smoky-cold beer that went with them? No taste-blotting cocktail sauce was served at that temple, you may be sure, but only a fresh lemon, freshly-mixed horseradish and, if you were so inclined, a bottle of Tabasco from nearby Jefferson Island. As we waited for *him* to finish the shucking, *she* poured a gallon of liquid laden with a couple of hundred smaller shelled oysters into a jar brought by the only other customer, who went her way. "That was a lot of oysters," I commented. "The people here like plenty of oysters in their gumbo," she generalized, and continued with an analysis of the local procedure, admitting that she often preferred her own without the filet added, so long as the flour and lard were properly mixed and browned to begin with.

Food—a style of food, a cuisine—is not the least important element of a culture. Along those bayous of the Evangeline Country and a little further east along the great river, the overlapping Creole-Cajun cuisines—evolved one from the high-French of the Creole aristocracy dreaming of their lost Versailles, the other from the peasant-French of the exiled Acadians, both of them lovingly adapted to and by the products of the region's own woods, fields and waters—still exist and, in many of the smaller towns as well as the great restaurants of New Orleans, still flourish. And after more than two centuries the Cajuns and Creoles still exist as distinctive tribes. A few miles south of here, off the lake called False River because it was once a bend of the Mississippi, we visited Parlange, still in the hands of the eldest son of the French family that built it in the mid-eighteenth century. The entrance drive ran between two stone dovecote turrets in the Norman manner; the approach was like all the storybooks, with the sun sliding down through the huge moss-hung live oaks, a mare grazing with her foal, dogs running alongside to bark at ours (and be barked at), and the shadowed house with the deep surrounding porches. In appearance, voice and manner, the present Parlange, who came back to his house at lunchtime from the fields where he had been directing the cutting of the sugar cane and the pecan harvest, could have issued unchanged from a Norman manor. Few contrasts could be greater than that between Parlange and our own plain New England farmhouse, both built, I reflected, within a year or two of each other.

And I reflected on other of the tribes we had been seeing: the Norwegians in upper Michigan, the Swedes in Wisconsin and Minnesota; Germans and Danes in North Dakota and Germans suddenly again in Fredericksburg, mid-Texas, hard by the Pedernales, with its handsome nineteenth-century façades; the Mormons in Idaho; in San Francisco, the Chinese quarter on one side of us, the Italian on the other, with Russian Hill to our immediate rear; the Mexicans in Arizona and throughout the Southwest; the Calvinists and Papists, Easterners and Westerners, Northerners and Southerners, rich and poor, reds, blacks and white, young and old. . . .

The Going Concern

The rhetoric of the media has conditioned us to see our country as splitting apart, riven by bleeding fissures and staggering under the confrontations between youth and age, dove and hawk, alienated and established, white and black. It occurred to me that, without denying any of the facts subsumed under that accepted interpretation, it is possible to shift the perspective—as, for example to that of a 10,000 mile trip through the country—in such a way that the meaning of the facts is almost turned around. Is it not astounding that, *granted* all the rude facts of the raging fissures and confrontations, our country does still hold together, continues to be a manifestly *going concern?* Two hundred million citizens are somehow held together, fed and housed—better, however faultily, than any citizens anywhere ever before. The economy continues to function—more spectacularly than any economy ever before. Inventions multiply, American goods, aircraft and citizens range the earth and the moon, roads and cities spread over the land, gasoline is in the pumps, there is light when the switch is turned (well, nearly always), there is a motel room at day's end for every traveler. The country shrugs off the fires of the arsonists, the crime of the cities and the riots of the youth as a great ship shrugs off the waves. America, I am not the first to feel, is not really a nation in the sense generalized from the European experience, nor do the same rules apply.

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Douglasville, Ga. The Burger Court decreed the final solution of the race question while we were moving from eastern Louisiana through Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia. Measured against what we were seeing in the small towns and countryside, the absoluteness of the opinion seemed more unreal than right or wrong, wise or foolish. With God all things are possible, but I can't believe the Court's jurisdiction is sweeping enough to dissolve the line we saw drawn down the counter of a restaurant in Tylerville, Mississippi, separating black customers from white employees in an Alabama grocery, or dividing black gas pump attendant from white woman cashier at a shiny new filling station. The dwellings of Darktown, a black family's house in the countryside and the black —all-black—schools are as instantaneously identifiable as ever. The line—in the rural regions, at any rate—had perceptibly hardened, it seemed to us, in the past few years. In the restaurant there was not a trace of smile on the black faces of cook, porter and dishwasher behind the counter or of the white waitress who gave the orders. How can you integrate two indissoluble substances? At most, by shaking hard enough, you might produce an unstable emulsion, the ingredients of which will separate out again in due course; as, indeed, in the Court's home seat.

Naturally the ruling was—like the Peking wheat deal while we were cruising the prairie provinces—the chief topic of headline, editorial, TV comment and informal discussion. In general, of course, opinion—white opinion, that is; there was no way to test black opinion, though I rather guess it may not have differed much from the white —was strongly, sorrowfully or indignantly adverse. I noted, though, that Nixon did not seem to be blamed, either on his own account or for having appointed a Chief Justice indistinguishable on this showing from his predecessor. Even the Court was not much blamed. Much of the white South by now seems to see itself, in relation to its once peculiar problem, as victim more of impersonal fate than of individual villains.

More generally, I reflected, I had noticed throughout the trip very little sharp criticism of Nixon. Even the Vietnik students aren't able to work up the sort of hate for RN that gushed up so enthusiastically for LBJ. (At the University of Arizona's October 15 Moratorium, I didn't see a single nasty or brutal anti-Nixon placard.) No one, on the other hand, young or old, regards Nixon as his anointed leader. Most adults, on my eccentric sampling, take the attitude that there is now a trained professional in the White House who is doing the best he can, so the rest of us can let him run the country while we go about our own business. I have never failed to reconfirm, on our successive cross-country treks, my impression that, except in times of Presidential elections or acute crisis, most citizens are not nearly as much interested in national affairs as a Martian would think on reading *Time* and *Newsweek*, except so far as national affairs directly and palpably affect local pocketbooks, and very little interested in international affairs.

Who Governs the Governors?

Nixon would run away with an election now. With Agnew's help he is holding the Wallaceites and post-Wallaceites in suspension, though they are still present and watching. The country is a going concern, and it isn't yet ready for a serious, massive movement of a hard and dangerous Right. Perhaps its structure will prove flexible enough to escape that perilous occasion. But an ominous inversion has taken place in our country. In any society, democratic or any other, the natural order descends from governors to the governed, leaders to led. But our governors—not the officeholders only but the whole broad naturally governing class, the established elite—are proving themselves no longer capable of governing, of ruling. They have lost confidence in themselves; therefore they can no longer fight wars or stand up to outlaws. Spiro Agnew is exact in stating that in any society a "malignancy" has set in when "a sense of guilt replaces a sense of purpose." In our country, it is the paradoxical and unnatural fact that, more and more, the people—the broad middle mass of people who do the work —are holding the country together, giving it, if unconsciously for the most part, what direction it has, and sustaining the governing elite that, having lost its nerve, must before long lose its mission. This creates a historical monstrosity, since the broad masses cannot govern, and in truth do not want to. If, therefore, the natural governors quit, the masses will have to fashion new ones.

Metuchen, N.J. The takeout-counter girl's surly voice at the Howard Johnson's to which the Turnpike funneled us pealed the unmistakable message: Home again! In six and a half weeks west, north and south we had not had an unpleasant encounter: not with any of the thousand or so we did some sort of business with, not with neighbors at motel or café, citizens from whom we asked information, bartenders or fellow-drinkers, brother-sightseers, cowboys, plantation owners, roadworkers, no not from the young Alabama state cop on the Selma-Montgomery run who issued Marcia another warning for her collection with the courtly explanation, "You were driving very, very well, ma'am, but just too fast," and reminisced a bit about the March, or the Mississippi ferryman trying to squeeze our overlong freightcar into his miniature craft. Not merely nothing unpleasant; usually a positive extra, a "Come back soon" from the service station attendant though he knew at a glance we could never be repeat customers, even an unrefusable "Get in, I'll drive you there," from a cheerful San Francisco lady whom I'd asked how to get a taxi when our car had been blocked. I know all about the myth of the evil city and the virtuous countryside, of the decadent East and the wholesome West, and the Rousseausist fantasies of unspoiled nature versus chained, corrupted civilization. But after all, I thought as I listened to the first incivilities as the circle neared closing (soon they would become part of the atmosphere and no longer noticed), myths don't just spin themselves out of empty air. One thing I'll swear to: you'll see a lot more smiles per mile and hear a lot more politeness outside than inside the Northeast sector. You can easily check for yourself. □

No Hippies' Lament

If people want to live in Circe's sty
Stuffing themselves with drugs and garbage, why
Should I pretend their silly plight is mine?
Let Life shed glossy tears, let swine be swine.

—RICHARD O'CONNELL

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TOYS AS ART

This Year's Christmas Thing

RUTH BERENSON

SANTA CLAUS may be a grey-bearded traditionalist, but when it comes to interpreting dreams, he's right in there with Freud; indeed, he's better for he makes dreams come true. This year he figures that your innermost longing is to be either an Instant Artist or an Instant Art Collector, so he has conscientiously stocked up on everything that will enable you to transform your home into a Mini-Modern Museum. His pack, not to mention the shops, department stores, let alone art galleries, is stocked with the very very latest art—everything from Minimal to Op to Kinetic—for Christmas shoppers.

The "art" vogue this Christmas says as much about contemporary art as about contemporary taste, and that's why it's interesting. The vogue itself would hardly be possible were it not for the superficiality of today's so-called "advanced" art. Most of what has been on view in museums and galleries for the last couple of years—and this, of course, is what inspires the adaptations piled high on Christmas counters—is so impersonal that it looks factory-made even when it isn't, and seems so simplistic as to border on the childish. Sculpture, for instance, under the guise of "Minimalism," is reduced to the most elementary kind of Grand Rapids carpentry; how else can one describe Donald Judd's six identical steel-and-plexiglass boxes attached to a wall in the Metropolitan Museum's current show, "New York Painting and Sculpture"? Or Don Flavin's "Square," made of four fluorescent tubes? The gigantic striped or chevroned canvases of Frank Stella, Kenneth Noland and Ellsworth Kelly—"Hard-Edge" abstractionists—are similar elementary exercises: neatly applied bands of color in designs which could be done by a first-year art student—or by an eighth grader doodling with ruler and compass—with every trace of the artist's individuality expunged as if it were something to be ashamed of. This art is easy to imitate; no skill and almost no inventiveness are required. That a set of children's parquetry blocks will make a Kenneth Noland painting, just as a set of Playskool blocks can duplicate, on a reduced scale, the "sculpture" of Donald Judd, two artists in the forefront of current fashion, has not been lost on Santa. If you've always longed for "avant-garde" art, or if you suspect that, you, too, can paint Hard-Edge or create a cubic assemblage, he's ready for you. From greeting cards at 25 cents to hand-signed "originals" at $5,000, Now art for Now people is here this Christmas.

Take Christmas cards for a starter. The Museum of Modern Art has expanded its greeting card offerings with mailable Christmas "constructions" echoing the rectilinear geometries of Minimalism. You can get a blue straight-edge "snowflake," a polyhedron printed with "Merry Christmas" which folds into a tree ornament with triangular facets, or two disks silk-screened in black on clear acetate which superpose to make a moire Op pattern to stand on the mantle. Other concerns apparently feel that Christmas and modern art don't mix, so some just ignore Christmas. Multiples are by the all-too-familiar Pop artists—Warhol's Campbell Soup can, Lichtenstein's LOVE—and seem curiously old-fashioned. The Feigen Gallery cards are all Hard-Edge stripes, targets and the like; in order that the recipient will realize that he has been given a Work of Art, the sender is urged to include a special lucite frame ($10.50) into which the card can be inserted for permanent enshrinement.

It is not surprising that Santa is pushing do-it-yourself sculpture this year, for it takes little dexterity and only a modicum of imagination to arrange a number of grooved cubes or other angular units into a construction approximating those of the better-paid Minimalists. These kits can be assembled in various ways, so you need never get bored as you might had you paid several thousand dollars for a Donald Judd, which you might hesitate to disassemble lest you jeopardize your investment. "Playpax," fit-together translucent rectangles in different colors, is the most versatile of these kits, fine for juvenile skyscraper builders as well as for grown-ups playing with art. It's available at toy counters; other more pretentious sets of lucite blocks are in gift departments. Moire pattern kits to be made into wall or table decorations can be had at the Museum of Modern Art; assembled, their effect is like the high-priced canvases of the English Op artist, Brigit Riley.

All an admirer of Hard-Edge painting really needs to get going is a ruler, some show-card colors, a compass and perhaps a pair of scissors (for "shaped" canvases, the latest thing), all of which are obtainable at the five and dime. Your first efforts may, of course, drip and run, but you can either pass these off as Abstract Expressionism and say you did them ten years ago (Abstract Expressionism has been out since around 1960) or, if the edges of your stripes are only slightly squiggly, you can talk learnedly of Morris Louis, whose stripes, unlike those of more orthodox Hard-Edgers, tend to blur at the edges. Or you can go all out with Victor Vasarely's do-it-yourself, a large frame in which multicolored circles and squares can be fitted in an almost infinite number of ways (5,971,451,683,544,067 plus 265 zeros, to be exact, or so says the *New York Times* which had it from Bloomingdale's computer). It costs $500 and is signed by the artist.

IF you're miserably clumsy with do-it-yourself, no matter how easy-to-follow the directions, no need to despair. Your coffee table can still be an exciting art show with "Radiometer," a lucite block containing a mobile whose blades are sensitive to light; the brighter the light, the faster they move. Altman's calls this "the ultimate paperweight." If your coffee table is near a light plug, the possibilities stagger the mind, at least if you're intrigued by light boxes: There's "Lumino," a TV-like cabinet containing revolving disks which make weaving light patterns. To forestall the ever-present danger of boredom, the patterns are guaranteed not to repeat themselves for fifteen days. This costs $75 at Altman's or Brentano's—or $500 if bought at the Waddell Gallery, in which case the artist, Nicholas Schoffer, will sign it by

(Continues on page 1285)

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LETTER FROM LONDON

America's New Isolationism

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

FOR A CONFERENCE which, as the *London Daily Telegraph* put it, could rank among "the most fateful meetings in world history," the American-Russian missile talks at Helsinki have provoked remarkably little interest among ordinary people in Europe. The problems, indeed the concepts and the language involved, seem to belong in a science fiction stratosphere. We can talk sensibly about the danger of being run over by a bus. But how many of us can really imagine, or begin to appraise, the danger of being blown up by a multiple re-entry orbital bomb? If ordinary people aren't worried, the governments of Western Europe are. They are afraid of another Yalta.

The fear that Europe's interests and Europe's security might be sacrificed in a deal between America and the Soviet Union is heightened by what some commentators see as a growing mood of isolationism in the United States. How real this mood is, and what the consequences of a debacle in Vietnam might be, are very hard to calculate. But nobody watching from across the Atlantic the extraordinary performance of the anti-Vietnam demonstrators, and the far more extraordinary performance of respectable American commentators urging that the policy of the United States Government should be changed because of agitation in the streets, could fail to be profoundly disturbed. When the policeman on whom one relies for one's safety seems to be having a nervous breakdown, a feeling of insecurity is inevitable.

The reasoning behind the Helsinki talks, which has led both America and Russia to think that there might be some mutual benefit in them, is, of course, much more sophisticated and less emotional than anything being said nowadays about Vietnam. Ever since the Cuban confrontation it has been fairly well understood that the nuclear chess game requires some degree of communication between the players. The imminent development of weapons which could destroy the retaliatory capacity of one or both sides has created a situation ripe for verbal, as well as technical, maneuvering.

From the European point of view, it has long been evident that the retaliatory shield with which America was supposed to be covering Europe had become, ever since the Russians acquired nuclear weapons capable of wiping out American cities, largely a delusion. Nobody thinking about it in cold blood would have staked much money, let alone his life, on the willingness of an American President to sacrifice New York in defense of, or in revenge for, Berlin. If the bluff remained, to some extent, effective, it was because the stakes were equally high for the Russians—and they too couldn't be sure how America would react.

The Helsinki talks, and whatever other talks may follow them, are about strategic arms only—about the weapons, that is, which the Russians and Americans point at each other. There is no mention, overtly at least, of the medium-range missiles which the Russians are pointing at London, Bonn and Rome, or of the massive conventional forces which the Kremlin could send rolling westward at a few hours notice.

But the two sorts of military capacity cannot really—certainly not as seen from Europe—be separated. Information from Helsinki suggests that the Americans were told by the Russian delegation that they could expect no worthwhile agreement unless the strategic nuclear weapons of their allies were also brought under control. This presumably refers to Britain's Polaris rockets, the only long-range nuclear weapons possessed by any NATO country which could be fired without American approval.

Britain's service chiefs are afraid that America might put pressure on Britain to give up this independent capacity—and, in her present mood, offer no reliable guarantee of security in return. Furthermore, they fear that Harold Wilson, anxious to win Washington's agreement to a delay in the repayment of some of Britain's massive debts and not averse to gratifying his left-wing by an act of nuclear renunciation, might yield to such pressure, when he ought to be doing exactly the opposite.

If the Helsinki talks mean anything, they mean that Europe needs her own nuclear deterrent, and quickly; and the foundation for this could only be a merger of the existing British and French nuclear capacities. Unified defense is the best reason for Britain's going into the Common Market.

But perhaps not a good enough reason. Britain should no more depend on Europe than on America for her safety. She needs a fifth Polaris submarine, to ensure that two, and often three, could be kept on patrol. She needs to follow Polaris with Poseidon, as, under the Polaris sales agreement, she is entitled to do. And she needs another generation of aircraft carriers. Against all of which things the Labor government, with incredible, almost criminal, folly, has set its face.

There are many intriguing technical and philosophic aspects to the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. Is it really possible for great nations permanently to refrain from developing weapons systems which could protect them against a devastating attack? How much have the Russians already learned to fool Samos, the all-seeing satellite on which America is currently relying?

THESE ARE FACTORS in the chess game: but it is the political strategy, rather than strategic weaponry, which matters most in the long run. The Russians' principal goal is what it always has been—to get the Americans out of Europe. This is what the Europeans are afraid of. It is a price which America must not pay, and which they are afraid a demoralized, isolationist America might be tricked into paying. The risks inherent in the further development of nuclear weapons are very grave: but they are much less than the risks which would flow from being outmaneuvered by the Russians.

The chess game is a frightening one to watch for nations aware that their own survival may depend on the outcome but unable to influence the moves. British influence was not wholly absent from Helsinki, though. English newspapers proudly reported that the pencils provided for the delegates were made in Britain. □

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RUSSELL KIRK

SILLINESS IN 'SEX EDUCATION'

FROM THE ACADEMY

Paradoxically enough, nowadays many church-connected schools (notably Catholic ones) are more ready to embrace "progressive" notions about "sex education," "sensitivity training," and all that than are most public schools.

A lady in San Diego informs me that in her local "High School of Religion" (or Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, a Catholic organization for instructing Catholic students enrolled in secular high schools), a manual entitled *Man and Woman* is distributed. This work mentions the word "sex" 176 times, the word "God" only 75 times.

Or consider the program of "sex education" recently proposed in the Catholic diocesan schools of Rochester, New York extending from the first grade through the eighth. Clearly this curriculum is well-intentioned; just as clearly, it is insensitive and unimaginative, and may do more mischief than good.

In grade two, the program emphasizes the "difference between boys and girls" (*vive la difference!*) and "waste deposits" (eschatology making way for scatology). The differences, children are informed, are genital; and the little pupils are expected to acquire this vocabulary: penis, scrotum, testicles, vulva, vagina, genitals, urine, urinate, urinal, uretha, defecate, etc.

In grade three, such information is carried much farther. "Encourage parents to give children the opportunity to see the bodies of younger children of the opposite sex," the instructions run. There is much about the birth of a baby, gestation, etc., in grades three and four. Masturbation and menstruation are dealt with in grade five.

Grade six is most explicit about sperm, nocturnal emissions, erections, ejaculations, birth control, prostitution, venereal disease and homosexuality. Here, as in earlier grades, the program certainly is moral enough in purpose; but it seems sometimes hideously embarrassing to children (and teachers), sometimes absurd, and often boring.

Our society is saturated with obsessive and commercialized sexuality, or pseudo-sexuality, the Christian advocates of early "sex education" declare; therefore vaccination must occur early. Certainly there is something in this argument. The other side, however, is well presented by Professor John J. Molloy.

"You speak of the impact of sex stimuli upon children from so many different sources, today," he writes to a zealot for the Rochester scheme, "and therefore their need for sex instruction. But will not a type of sex instruction which lacks a sense of modesty and reserve simply compound the difficulties by failing to support the natural awareness of sexual sin which the child has? Is there not a danger that you will simply make it appear to be natural that sex should be a topic of common examination, so that the sacredness which should attach to it, the sense of personal intimacy and giving of oneself which it involves, will be fatally undermined?

"Knowledge is not virtue in the Christian conception of reality, and the psychological delicacy which is so important in preserving the proper attitude to sex can easily be destroyed by a certain obtuseness which looks upon sexual instruction as merely knowledge to be imparted on a level with other knowledge."

Amen to that. One may add that a chief charm of sex (actually, I'm fond of sex) is its mystery. Profanation is not the same thing as revelation. The small child lives, or ought to live, in a world of wonder; he gradually apprehends material reality through symbol and moral fantasy and tender processes, through what Cardinal Newman called "illation." Abrupt and mechanistic instruction in the physiology of sex may make very ordinary, and rather repulsive, what ought to be wondrous and subtle—and gradually acquired.

I return to Professor Molloy, a gentleman of moral imagination and historical consciousness. "I ask you," he continues, "whether there is sufficient awareness of the need to resist the kind of sexual blandishment which is being offered to so many children today who have reached the age of puberty. Does it not seem that there is little or no desire on the part of the Church or its teachers in the schools to bring home to the student the need to preserve purity of mind and heart in the midst of so much that corrupts it? Is it not often thought more up-to-date to ignore such matters as likely to make one seem out-of-date, out-of-touch with modern attitudes, and to concentrate instead on sex instruction, which is like a body from which the soul has been carefully removed?"

Just so. And it is curious to find religious who have taken vows of celibacy in the forefront of a campaign for a rather dreary "candor" about sex as technique. You don't have to be a chicken to judge an egg, I know; I am very willing to declare that some religious celibates have spoken and written most wisely about sexual impulses and powers—St. Paul, for instance.

STILL, OUR SOCIETY indeed being sexuality-saturated, not a few priests and nuns, or Protestant clergy, may contract that infection, in a sense; their very consciousness of their own abstinence, and their eagerness to be progressive and "with it," may betray them into one variety of obsession. I think of a young priest in Michigan who compulsively bought girlie magazines, allegedly to "identify with the kids"—and, borne down the vortex, killed himself.

In my school days, we heard nothing about sexual physiology and problems until the eighth grade—and then from the athletic coach, who in part botched the labor, but probably was more convincing than some topsy-turvy cleric would have been. On the stream of sexuality, often it is best to row with muffled oars. □

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DELECTATIONS

Vin de Rigueur

ALEC WAUGH

MANY OF US can remember our first bottle of champagne. I certainly can mine. It was very sweet and, since I drank it in a German café, on the twelfth of November 1918, it may not have been champagne at all. But my exhilaration could not have been more complete had I been sipping a ten-year-old Dom Perignon—a brand that did not then exist. For seven and a half months, at the age of twenty, I had been a prisoner of war in the citadel at Mainz. That morning, the first after the Armistice, permission had been granted us to walk the city streets. The local banks were prepared to credit us to the extent of five pounds daily. The sky was grey, the pavements slippery with melting frost, but the café was warm and bright and sibilant with music. The war was over. Life could bud again. I relaxed to the euphoria that the wine induced. I had then no knowledge of the complicated chemical processes and the vast expenditure of human ingenuity and care that had created its effervescence. I accepted it as I had the fizzy lemonade that had quenched my boyhood thirst—as one of nature's kindlier gifts to man. The mounting "beaded bubbles" symbolized my liberation.

I was right to see it as a symbol. It is the privilege of champagne—as it is its fate—always to have to stand for something. It is the wine for an occasion; if a friend has to be toasted, an achievement to be celebrated, then a cork must pop. "This calls for champagne." How often have I not heard that said—and always with a jubilance of spirit. Yet, I am not sure that, in the last analysis, it is not in champagne's best interest, that it should have acquired this particular reputation.

In the first place, the fact that it is the wine for an occasion has considerably increased its price. It had inevitably to be costly. Anyone who spends a couple of days on one of the big estates in Rheims and Epernay, as I did last month in Moët and Chandon's Chateau de Saran will appreciate this. Much time, great skill are required for its production. The limited area—eighteen thousand hectares—in which it can be legally produced lies so far to the north, that fermentation is not complete when the cold weather intervenes, so that a second fermentation takes place in the spring. If sugar and yeast are added to the wine that is now *pétillant*, a full fermentation will take place inside the bottle. The problem for the producer is to cleanse the wine of the sediment that will be thrown during this second fermentation without losing the carbonic acid gas that is pining for release.

This is achieved by a process that is called *remuage*, which converts the stacked bottles from a horizontal to a perpendicular position, so that the sediment can settle on the cork, leaving the wine clear. This is done by hand. Every day the bottles are slightly oscillated, given an eighth turn to the right and an eighth turn to the left, with the angle of the tilt slightly steepened. A skilled workman will turn thirty thousand bottles in a day. The *remuage* takes three months.

There then remains the problem of removing the cork to which the sediment has become attached. This is achieved through the *dégorgement*. The top of the bottle is frozen so that the cork and the sediment can be removed in seconds with only a minute loss of wine, a loss which is made good by what is called a *dosage* of matured wine, sometimes compounded with a drop of brandy or sugar if a sweet brand is required for the South American market. It is inevitable that a wine produced by such a skilled and lengthy process should be expensive, but it need not have been so expensive if its reputation as "the wine for an occasion" had not excited the avarice of chancellors of the exchequer right around the world.

It is brutally overtaxed, because it is regarded as a rich man's wine; and also because in the "Naughty Nineties" it acquired a dubious reputation as a wicked wine; it went with suppers in private rooms, with sipping out of ballerinas' slippers and innocent maidens not realizing its strength until too late. In the 1920s it became a "night club" wine and was obligatory in Montmartre; where the wine was rather poor, if indeed it was champagne at all and not aerated hock, so that superior young men would say, "If you insist, you may put a bottle on the table and you may open it, but bring me something I can drink—a bottle of Beaune." At Ascot, it used to be the custom, and probably still is, for certain tents to announce "champagne only." It was not surprising that drafters of taxes should think: "If a man can afford to go to the royal enclosure and to Paris night clubs he can afford to make a more substantial contribution to the state." All of which has had an unfortunate effect on the reputation, among connoisseurs, of one of the world's noblest wines.

A LONDON CONTEMPORARY of mine had the good fortune to find himself during the Second World War in New York on an official mission. Though an athlete and a man of some achievement, he had always struck us as being indecisive in his dealings with the other sex. I was curious to learn what impression he had made upon the ladies of Manhattan. The one whom I questioned, hesitated before replying. She too had found him indeterminate. One merit,

(Continues on page 1285)

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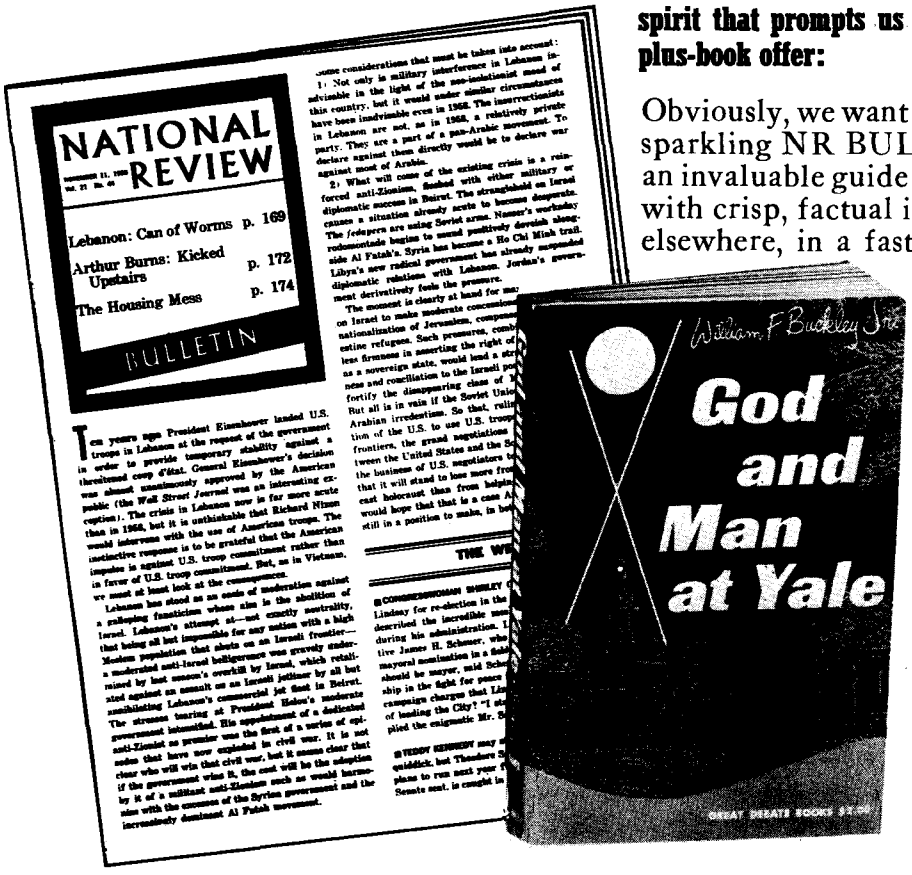
NATIONAL REVIEW
Lebanon: Can of Worms p. 169
Arthur Burns: Kicked Upstairs p. 172
The Housing Mess p. 174
BULLETIN
William F. Buckley Jr.
God and Man at Yale

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Political Theory as Camp

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Power
By Adolf A. Berle
Harcourt, $10

This, if there ever was one, is an appallingly written book of the highest order. Mr. Berle's thinking is precise, disciplined, cool, but his writing is entwined in preposterous metaphorics that would—if only a cynically knowing editor had turned the screw a bit tighter—have made this book a veritable classic of camp. Camp, to be sure, is as difficult to define as power, but Adolf A. Berle has succeeded in illuminating both terms: "power" is indeed what Berle says it is—"camp" is how he says it.

Those who might object that a philosophical essay ought to be judged on the basis of its content, not its language, fail to see that language is the only observable dimension of truth; so that nothing that is badly expressed can be well thought out. I begin with a few observations on Berle's appalling style because this is the only book I know that succeeds—with language that is as ludicrously pompous as it is vacuous—in presenting lean and recognizable truth. This is quite a problem, one must admit; and, in pondering it, I have arrived, I think, at a stunning conclusion: if a valid theory of power can be successfully stated in the style and language of camp, then the theory itself may be camp. Mr. Berle, in short, by convincing me of the adequacy of his comprehension of power, has also convinced me that our comprehension of power is inadequate. And I urgently recommend his book, not only because it is a surprising victory of thought over language, but also because, for this very reason, it questions the validity of our (his) thoughts on power.

Berle considers, as we all do, Machiavelli's *The Prince* as the source and measure of our comprehension of power. After a few playful rendezvous with Zeus, Pallas Athena and Eleanor Roosevelt (I am not joking—Mr. Berle is), Berle gets down to business, i.e., to Machiavelli. And, like all his many predecessors who have written about power, and about Machiavelli, he treats his subject with the "value-free" detachment of the natural scientist, who describes, systematizes, annotates objective phenomena. Never mind, dear students, what you like, wish, prefer, detest, hate and damn. This bug (stone, plant, star, quartz) is a fact of nature—totally, majestically independent of your preferences, judgments and evaluations. If you want to comprehend the phenomenon of power (of bugs, stones, plants, stars and quartz), you must, first of all, renounce value judgments. You must, in short, exercise your curiosity about the nature and essence of human relations exactly as natural science exercises its curiosity about the structure, color, weight and functioning of "objective" ("natural") phenomena.

NOT THAT Mr. Berle is unaware of the interdependence of power and philosophy. The third of his "five natural laws of power" stipulates: "Power is invariably based on a system of ideas or philosophy. Absent such a system or philosophy, the institutions essential to power cease to be reliable, power ceases to be effective, and the power holder is eventually displaced." This, you will notice, is precisely the tone in which an enlightened agnostic recommends faith: because "it's good for society"—because, when it lacks "some sort of faith," society "ceases to be effective." Faith, to the modern and urbane agnostic, is not an end, in itself true and valid, but a means toward an increase of social effectiveness; religion is "good for you"; and never mind whether it happens to be simply true, overwhelmingly true.

This, indeed, is the attitude of the modern "political scientist" toward philosophy or ethics, in its relation to power. The "political scientist," by no means a fool, does not overlook the fact that, to be effective, power needs some kind of philosophy; yet, as a "value-free" naturalist, the observer notes merely a "functional" relation, not a "causative" one. Nothing infuriates a "naturalist" more than a "moralist"; and so the urbane Professor Berle is capable of a short declarative sentence like this: "Nietzsche was an immoderate columnist-commentator." That should take care of Nietzsche. On the other hand, he quotes with approval from Prezzolini's *Machiavelli* this sentence: "Contemporary conflicts can be understood better if we consider them as conflicts between nations and not between ideologies." (Which fallacy, as everybody knows who has ever read Walter Lippmann, is merely a quotation from a well-known though moderate columnist-commentator.)

This juxtaposition of two of Mr. Berle's *trouvailles* seems to me an apt circumscription of his scholarly position. He is a "natural scientist." He finds nothing as intolerable as value judgments intruding into scholarship—nothing, that is, except the tendency of immoderate columnist-commentators to suspect at the bottom of power-conflicts, or even at their core, a conflict of ideologies. For both, "moralizing" as well as "ideologizing," are "unscientific." "Science," you must not forget for a moment, is "value-free," even the "science" of politics.

THROUGHOUT HIS BOOK Mr. Berle's intelligence, the nobility of his purpose, the accuracy of his recollections remain undisputable. Yet the book, though its literary form is the recapitulation of personal experience in public office (over the impressively long period 1917 to 1969), demands and merits attention as a definitive scholarly study of power —and it may well be the book on power

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RANDOM NOTES

■ CURRENT: Two books coming up on the *Pueblo*: Trevor Armbrister's *The Pueblo Affair* is supposed to have all the facts (Coward, February, $6.95); *The Pueblo Incident* by Admiral Daniel V. Gallery offers some angry conclusions (Doubleday, January, $5.95). . . . In other seas: William J. Lederer's favorite of his own books, *All the Ship's at Sea*, about his life in the Navy, is being reissued (Norton, January, $5.95). . . . In *Great Sailing Ships*, Otmar Schauffelen offers words and pictures of 140, dating as far back as 1628, all still afloat (Praeger, $12.50). . . . Count von Luckner, the World War I U-Boat commander who sank ships and then rescued the victims, is limned by Edwin P. Hoyt in *Knights of the Sea* (McKay, $5.95). . . . There's billions in treasure down there; read about it in Peter Throckmorton's *Shipwrecks and Archaeology: The Unharvested Sea* (Little, $6.95).

■ BAD GUYS: Stalinism then gets exposed in *The Trial of Bukharin*, by George Katov (Stein & Day, $7.95); Stalinism now, in Pavel Litvinov's *The Demonstration in Pushkin Square*, about Russian intellectuals who were tried for demonstrating (Gambit, $4.95). . . . They were always imperialists: Virginia Cowles tells all about intrigues in the Balkans 1850-1914 in *The Russian Dagger: Cold War in the Days of the Czars* (Harper, January, $7.95). . . . The SS wasn't a monolithically run terror machine; it was even worse, says Heinz Höhne in *The Order of the Death's Head* (Coward-McCann, January, $12.50). . . . You loved him in *Asian Drama*; now Gunnar Myrdal tells just exactly what we have to do in *The Challenge of World Poverty* (Pantheon, January).

■ ODDMENTS: Madalyn Murray, call your office! Capitalizing on Apollo 8, a new edition of the King James Bible is out with a dustjacket photo of the moon and the words "In the beginning, God. . ." (Holman, various prices). . . . *Chariot of the Gods*, by Erich von Dänken, offers prehistoric evidence of interplanetary culture-swapping; it's a huge seller in Germany (Putnam, February, $5.95). . . . Jesus was a revolutionary, see, so David Kirk of the far-out, far-left Emmaus Community has put together *Quotations from Chairman Jesus*, with foreword by Dan Berrigan (Templegate, $1.95). . . . If anyone's interested, John Woodforde has written *The Strange Story of False Teeth* (Universe, January, $4.95).

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to end all books on power. For here it is all displayed, all the knowledge and all the insight of contemporary "political science." And it will be found woefully wanting.

The most important fact one can learn from A. A. Berle's *magnum opus* is that Machiavelli is dead. And, by Zeus, that great scholar lived long enough: he presided over the political academy for centuries. All modern "political science" lived on him. And now it seems to have outlived its license. It undertook the task of applying the methods of natural science to human affairs, and Mr. Berle has unwittingly produced an autopsy, not so much of power, as of "political science."

For, like all political scientists before him, A. A. Berle uses anatomical methods. He cuts deeply and with admirable consistency: this is how power occurs, and functions, in the horde; in the state; in empires; in business; in labor; in the courts; in politics. But then he looked upon the results of his labors and did not like them. Hence the camp: Berle evidently felt a need for "humanizing" the fruits of his research—not just because he wanted to make his book more readable, but more likely because his sound instinct informed him that the "scientific" approach to power has become sterile. Thus, he has staged his opus with allegorical voluptuousness. And, true enough, Berle's chats with Zeus, Pallas Athena and various other mythological characters (such as Eleanor Roosevelt) add a strong perfume to the scholarly drabness; but that perfume smells of anything but truth.

Perhaps Mr. Berle has chosen the wrong partners for his dialogues with deity. Zeus, if I dare say it, is camp (though, of course, the camp of a sublime civilization). The proper partner for dialogues about power is not Zeus but God. By which I mean to say that power, properly, is not a subject for natural scientists but for theologians or, at least, psychologists. For the relevant question for natural science is the what, for "humanities" the why. The concept of power (a "natural" phenomenon) makes sense only when inseparably linked with the concept of intent (a "moral" phenomenon). A "scientific" anatomy of power is as useful, or as useless, as an anatomy of crime or of love: from such an anatomy we learn everything—except the essence of power, of crime, of love.

Power, Berle agrees with Machiavelli, and everybody else, is the intervention of order where there is chaos, of control where there is anarchy. And now what? Scholarly researchers of power are as far removed from the comprehension of power as "sexologists" are removed from the comprehension of love. And for that very reason the writings by "sexologists" about love are, of necessity, camp—just as are the writings by "natural scientists" about power. Where the author has not understood his subject, he resorts to banal or sentimental ornament.

The widest conceivable knowledge of cutlery does not make a surgeon; for surgery is essentially concerned not with blades, but with healing. For a couple of centuries, "political scientists" have insisted on discussing power with a "value-free" attitude; and they have become passionate only when they have been suspected of passing judgment. But how can one discuss power without contemplating good and evil, moral longing and immoral indifference? In a strangely encouraging way, the century of revolution, which has been disturbing mankind since the days of Karl Marx, is an increasingly valid protest against "value-free political science." Modern man has begun to revolt against a "modern science" that looks upon human affairs (i.e., moral affairs) with the "value-free" competence of an observer who knows approximately everything about the mechanics and nothing about the meaning of Creation. □

GIFT BOOKS

THE GROANING COFFEE TABLE

C. H. SIMONDS

I don't know how the tradition arose. Perhaps it has something to do with the natural resentment of friends who give, as Christmas gifts, Book-of-the-Month selections they received last July because they forgot to send back the card. Anyway, it is by now an Iron Law: any book given at Christmas must not be a mere book, it must be a Production—oversized, lavishly illustrated, sumptuously bound, heavy enough to stop doors or press flowers and, above all, calculated to look good on that foregone conclusion of American interior decorating, the coffee table (a shin-barking obstruction promoted by the Band-Aid

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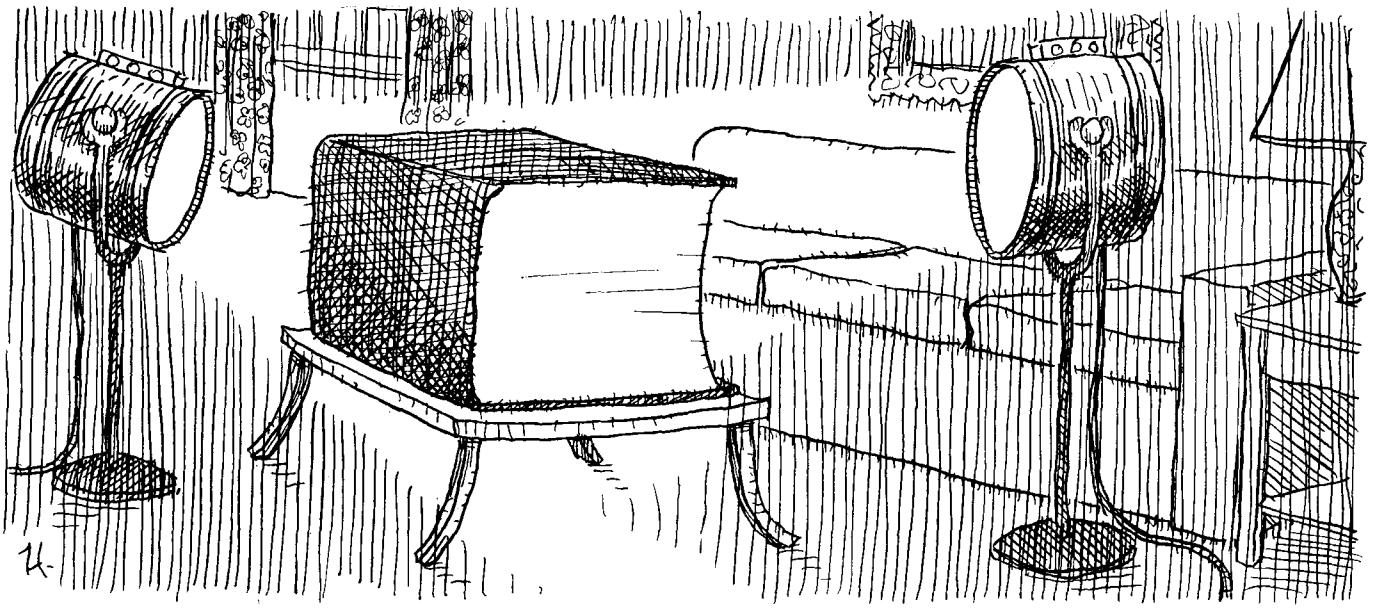

trust). If the book is in addition readable, that's okay, although to read it one needs one of those slant-topped Bible stands found in monasteries; to hold a gift book in one's lap is to invite atrophy of the lower extremities.

Despite all of which, there are a number of fat and fancy books suitable for everyone—even eccentrics who keep their books on shelves. First, the leading contenders for *the* art book of the season: *Vincent Van Gogh* by Marc Edo Tralbaut (Viking, $37.50 to Christmas; $40 after) has everything: reproductions of the paintings, mostly in color; photographs of places Van Gogh lived and worked; a full biography; chronology; catalogue. Much of the material is new or unavailable elsewhere. Just as lavish and even bigger is *The Complete Work of Raphael* (Reynal, $39.95/$45), a joint effort by ten scholars. *American Painting* (Skira-World, $50/$60) comes in two volumes: "From the Beginnings to the Armory Show" by Jules Prown, and "The Twentieth Century" by Barbara Rose. All the reproductions are full-page and full-color, tipped in by hand.

JUSTICE IS DONE the Middle Ages in three new books. *Europe of the Invasions* (Braziller, $30), part of the "Arts of Mankind" series edited by André Malraux, covers architecture, sculpture, illumination and decoration from the fall of Rome to Charlemagne; it includes plates, maps, floor-plans and a selection of documents of the period. *Old Testament Miniatures* (Braziller, $40/$50) has 283 from the thirteenth century, illustrating the Bible from the Creation to the story of David; all carefully reproduced in five colors plus gold (gold being very hard to reproduce; ask any printer or discriminating art-book-thumber). *The Très Riches Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry* (Braziller, $30/$35) is 138 illustrations and illuminated pages from a fourteenth-century book of hours. Gold again.

Good art books on a somewhat less lavish scale abound. Frederick Hartt's *Michelangelo: The Complete Sculpture* (Abrams, $20) has 332 illustrations, only a few in color, but with sculpture it doesn't really matter. In *Quality: Its Image in the Arts* (Atheneum, $24.95/$30), Louis Kronenberger gathers essays by authorities on seventeen arts—music, photography, dance, theater, even landscaping and gastronomy—and supplements them with pictures, many in color. The various definitions of "quality" may be taken or left; the book is handsome and enjoyable. *The World of the Impressionists* by Hans L. C. Jaffé (Hammond, $14.95) has paintings and biographies of the fifteen greats; both the text and the color are the least little bit thin, but it's an attractive book, especially at the low price.

There are great big books on two of the leading forces in modern design. *Bauhaus* by Hans Wingler (MIT Press, $42.50/$55) goes through everything the school did from its founding in Weimar in 1919 until it petered out in America in the 1940s; 696 pages, 778 illustrations, and the weight champion at ten pounds. Horizon Press continues its program of facsimiles of Frank Lloyd Wright's works with *The Industrial Revolution Runs Away* ($40), Wright's revision of *The Disappearing City*. Camp and Art Nouveau are out, but they will have their successors. Gillo Dorfles' *Kitsch: The World of Bad Taste* (Universe, $10) offers some interesting examples; *The Decorative Twenties* by Martin Battersby (Walker, $17.50/$20) is the first book on the "art deco" style that grew out of Art Nouveau and cubism. And finally, a much-maligned period gets its rightful due in *Victorian Painters* by Jeremy Maas (Putnam, $19.95/$22.50).

PERIOD PIECES? Alfred Cobban's *The Eighteenth Century* (McGraw-Hill, $24.95) covers everything—art, literature, music, daily life, politics, wars—in words, color plates, and hundreds of drawings, engravings, photographs and maps. Cobban is rather soft on the Enlightenment, but that doesn't spoil the book. *The Grand Tour* by Christopher Hibbert (Putnam, $12.95) tells and shows how young English aristocrats from the sixteenth century up to our own were packed off to the Continent to 1) get an education and 2) sow their wild oats. England 1811-1820 fills J. B. Priestley's *The Prince of Pleasure and His Regency* (Harper, $15), on much the same scheme as Cobban's book.

You can even get a good wrap-up of a whole culture, see *The Horizon History of China* and *The Horizon Book of the Arts of China* (American Heritage, the set, $39.95/$45) of which one volume is a workmanlike history by Charles P. Fitzgerald, nicely illustrated, and the other a handsome art book. The same approach is used in *The Confident Years* (American Heritage, the set, $32/$37.50), a pretty box containing a lively history of the United States 1865-1917 by Francis Russell, sauced out with pictures and documentary extracts, and a companion volume on antiques of the period—everything from East-

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lake bedsteads to Tiffany lamps, all very attractive.

Lovers of Americana have much to be grateful for. *Antiques of American Childhood* by Katharine Morrison McClinton (Potter, $12.50) is a nice compendium of collectibles, covering just about everything but dolls. In *America Was Beautiful* (Barre, $12.50), Alice Watson selects a hundred engravings from an 1872 book, *Picturesque America* edited by William Cullen Bryant. *Paul Revere's Engravings* by Clarence S. Brigham (Atheneum, $22.50/$27.50) celebrates a neglected facet of Revere; alas, only three of the 162 engravings shown are in color although many more were sold that way. A very special pleasure is Edwin P. Alexander's *Down at the Depot* (Potter, $15), four hundred photographs of American railroad stations, 1831-1920.

Two books combine epic jaunts with fine photography. *Down the Colorado* (Dutton, $25/$30) is John Wesley Powell's journal of his 1869 float lished with color and black-and-white through the Grand Canyon, newly pubphotographs by Eliot Porter of the Sierra Club. In *American Odyssey* (Rand-McNally, $14.95), Ingvard Henry Eide does the same thing with selections from the journals of Lewis and Clark.

Nature lovers will love Emil Jordan's *Animal Atlas of the World* (Hammond, $14.95), which takes the mammals order by order and follows them around the world: 182 color plates, plus maps and charts. *North American Birds* (Prentice-Hall, $25) has three hundred color paintings by Marie Bohlen, who isn't Audubon but is pretty good. In *Darwin and the Beagle* (Harper, $15), Alan Moorehead retraces the voyage, drawing heavily on Darwin's journals. Heavily illustrated, with 48 color plates.

And on to the odds and ends. *Casanova* (Geis, $15) is a lively biography by John Masters, sumptuously illustrated with paintings, drawings and prints (some racy) of the period. Frederic Rosengarten's *The Book of Spices* (Livingston, $20) is a botanical-historical-culinary compendium with lots and lots of pictures. *The World's Great Regiments* (Putnam, $22.50/$25), by Melegari, goes from ancient Greece to the present but concentrates on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Most of the military finery is shown in full color. And to end with the oddest of all, how about *The World of Bats* (Holt, $23.95), authoritative text and excellent pictures of bats in all their infinite variety. □

The Year of the People
By Eugene McCarthy
Doubleday, $6.95

We Were the Campaign
By Ben Stavis *Beacon, $7.50*

McCarthy for President
By Arthur Herzog *Viking, $6.95*

A VERY PRIVATE MAN

DAVID BRUDNOY

We bury faith of all kinds.
Foreverness does not come easily.
—Eugene McCarthy
"Three Bad Signs," 1968

Kennedy ghosts haunt these three chronicles of Eugene McCarthy's transformation from humdrum politico to prophet. First, McCarthy supported Hubert Humphrey against John Kennedy for the Vice Presidential nomination in 1956. Then in 1960, having "reservations about [Kennedy's] candidacy," his nostalgic nominating speech for Adlai Stevenson brought McCarthy national attention and introduced the myth that Gene was a front for Lyndon Johnson, thus an enemy of the Kennedys. In 1966, when McCarthy began to speak out on Vietnam, he attacked JFK's prior escalation of the war.

McCarthy "still believed in late 1967 that Senator [Robert] Kennedy could make the strongest challenge, but I believed that if he were to come into the campaign later, after I had committed myself, the whole effort to change policies would be weakened by conflict and division." Kennedy, not McCarthy, played Hamlet. And so, convinced that Bobby wouldn't run, McCarthy mounted his assault, scoring impressively in New Hampshire, immediately after which Kennedy jumped in. McCarthy neither voices disappointment at this act which seemed so graceless and ill-timed, nor tells us just how he felt when on March 31, LBJ abdicated.

From then on, Bobby was the opponent, repeatedly "misrepresent[ing] my record [with a] plan of systematic distortion." Perhaps because Bobby so blatantly lied about him, McCarthy is sharpest in those sections of his book dealing with the Kennedys. When Robert Kennedy died, some of the heart went out of McCarthy's enthusiasm for the politics of 1968. Yet the campaign continued, now against McCarthy's old ally, Humphrey.

Pique may be endemic to this genre, but McCarthy carries it to excess. At the same time a description of his policies and a literate apologia, his book takes on other dimensions: evening the score with those who dwelled in darkness ("distortion, misrepresentation") and acknowledging by extensively quoting articles fulsomely lauding him, those who'd seen a great light ("objective and accurate"). McCarthy praises himself for helping change Administration Vietnam policies, for adding a new spirit to American politics, and rather grandly suggests that his request to students to avoid Chicago reduced the number from a hundred thousand to the ten thousand who did come. Only once does he give a hint of his wit: chiding the Kennedyites for their plethora of committees to deal with different groups; he notices one for "retired former public officials": "(That was drawing the line rather finely. A retired public official would be a former public official unless there were some who could retire without having been former.)" Pretty wispy stuff.

The Year of the People carries us neatly from New Hampshire to November, though it would appear McCarthy left his deepest emotions elsewhere, except in the last pages: " 'America is hard to see,' as Robert Frost has written, but if one looks hard and long one will see much that is good." The book disappoints. We itch to know *who* McCarthy is, what his magic was; we settle for an outline, not a rounded portrait. We want to know why conservatives sometimes loved his style (he augured a depersonalization of the Presidency, a reduction of the scope of Federal Government) and why the Left fitfully adored his content (contrary to legend, he was strongly pro-labor and pro-civil rights, outlibbed any of the Kennedy brothers, and was to Bobby's left on Vietnam). Not surprisingly, liberal reviewers don't much like McCarthy's sober, astringent, almost leaden book. They haven't forgiven McCarthy for supporting Russell Long over Teddy last winter. They'd expected Lochinvar, Richard Coeur de Lion; they feel they got the summer soldier-sunshine patriot.

We hoped for some excitement from Ben Stavis' *We Were the Campaign*. But McCarthy deserves better; with Stavis as McCarthy's partisan, his critics can take a powder. Like a giggly, breathless columnist for *Seventeen*, Stavis dwells lovingly on the "freshness and exuberance," "smiles," "photogenic good looks," "wiry, muscular frame[s]," and

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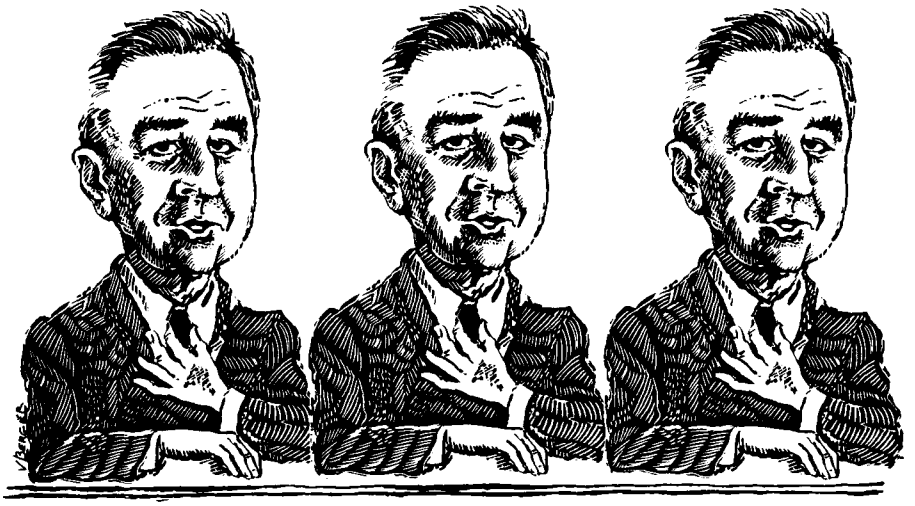

Will The Real Eugene McCarthy Please Stand

"dedication" of the young staffers. The latter were constantly warned to keep off the grass (two, arrested for pot possession, were deserted by Stavis and his gang: "The campaign would probably be better with them in jail and out of the way."), though "policy with respect to sex was different. . . ." The campaign drew the cream: "A few . . . were along for the ride. The campaign provided a bed, expenses, $35 a week and lots of girls. It offered an excuse to leave home."

We read of the staff artist who forged McCarthy's signature on letters; of other chicanery; of the selection of "McCarthy Girls" who were "asked for measurements in the application form and graded . . . by looks. . . . They also ran a dating service for many young men in the campaign"; etc. The Kennedy Jugend, for their part, had the audacity to be "amateurish . . . quite crude, both technically and ethically . . . they essentially plagiarized [Stavis' staff instructions]. . . ." Stavis disliked Bobby, whose "hair became shorter and shorter" (a code-coif to law-and-order types?); Kennedy "had worked for Joe McCarthy; he had viciously attacked the labor movement . . . [his] political opportunism seemed to make him less than reliable." Like candidate, like staff, Stavis implies.

The author confesses that "we guiltily worked with conservative businessmen"; he writes of a campaign to fight "American imperialism"; which, he decided, "should be used as a school to train black militants in political organization," a "perfect vehicle for mobilization. . . ." Stavis, whose book is dedicated "to the visions of Norman Thomas and Martin Luther King," doesn't like the "liberal establishment," nor does he think too highly of McCarthy, who was "aloof" and disinterested, or of Mayor Daley, or of the delegates, who "looked like children at a football rally. I wasn't sure I wanted their votes."

Stavis' account is interesting for its peep at the organization's internecine squabbles; for occasional bursts of frustration which must represent many such ("We were so separated from [McCarthy] by the end of the campaign that his statements were of limited relevance"); and—have publishers of Marcuse-esque books deliberately allotted a niggardly quota on humor?—for one incident: a stripper joined the campaign, threatening to "take off her clothes to earn money" if the fund-raisers were slow, deciding finally to go to school, since the campaign college girls "were not much smarter than herself. . . . I don't know whether any of [them] decided to try her line of work." We learn that the campaign actually courted "ethnic" voters as much as the despised Kennedy Crusade did; Stavis reveals an almost obsessive concern with getting more Negroes into the ranks. Too earnest to be a put-on, Stavis' overpriced little red book brings the campaign to life, but it's a frightening thing. The Senator must (or should) be embarrassed by such five-and-dime effusions.

Arthur Herzog's *McCarthy for President* is well-organized, detailed (pertinent detail, unlike Stavis' trivia), an account dovetailing with McCarthy's. Its depiction of Minnesota politics (which nurtured McCarthy) is matched recently only by David Lebedoff's *The 21st Ballot*. We learn that McCarthy's primary campaign was the "first or second most expensive"—an illuminating footnote to match with the text of a supposed "people's" movement. We glimpse more of McCarthy's personality, sarcasm and irreverence than in the other two books; his deep commitment to Catholicism (he didn't think JFK a "good Catholic") and his near-decision to enter Benedictine monastic life; that McCarthy thought Bobby "unfit to be President." Herzog's good-natured book strikes a receptive chord: "I was told by a Kennedyite that Bobby would do something spectacular 'that pertains to water.' I waited apprehensively. Then, walking down an ocean beach, surrounded by reporters, Kennedy suddenly stripped to his shorts and plunged into the Pacific. It was daring, heroic. . . ."

Although Herzog somewhat oddly notes that McCarthy did "much better" with the Negro vote in Oregon than in previous states (sort of like doing "much better" with the Mormon vote in Saigon than in Hué), we begin to sense why McCarthy was so appealing to some, as when he and a large Negro audience burst into "We Shall Overcome" after one powerful speech. Herzog's McCarthy emerges as a man, not a Stavis puppet for ideologues.

"Because strong leadership was feared," Herzog writes, "the McCarthy effort sometimes seemed as though there was no leadership at all." "The statue was too small for the pedestal," Flaubert once remarked. To which Herzog adds that former McCarthy followers have decided: "He wasn't big enough . . . for the movement which sprang up under him and which almost carried him to the Presidency." I'm not sure which was too small for which. None of these books, not even Herzog's, solves the problem. □

ART

THE METROPOLITAN: WORST FOOT FORWARD

RUTH BERENSON

"*Il faut être de son temps*," said Daumier. Today this would be translated, "You've got to be relevant"—to what or to whom is never stated—and it looks as though "relevance" would be the key word for the 1969-1970 art season. The Whitney Museum is paying strident homage to leftist political radicalism of the present and near past with a pretentiously titled hodge-podge, "Human Concern/Personal Torment." And concurrently, the hitherto traditionalist Metropolitan Museum of Art is em-

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barking on its one hundreth anniversary celebration with a headlong leap into the present, "New York Painting and Sculpture 1940-1970," purportedly an "historical view," as the catalogue says, of the "major figures who have produced the vital sequence of movements that make the New York School [of art] the historical successor to the School of Paris."

Few critics here or abroad would question the importance of New York as a world art center in the years since the war. Abstract Expressionism, the first truly indigenous American art movement, started in New York; in the early days its practitioners were often referred to as the "New York School." Pop art, which most critics think was born in London in the mid-Fifties, certainly had its greatest flowering here; and Minimalism, the present vogue, which reduces painting to ruled strips of color on blank canvas, and sculpture to stark geometries, also claims New York as headquarters. There are hundreds of commercial galleries specializing in contemporary art. In New York alone (not to mention those elsewhere) there are four major museums—the Modern, the Whitney, the Guggenheim and the Jewish—whose prime function is the display of today's art, mainly American. Indeed, New York, far from neglecting American artists, tends to overexpose them—all of which makes the Metropolitan's splashy entrance into the field a questionable enterprise to begin with.

Nor does the Met need to go modern to up its attendance figures, which come to more than five million visitors a year. It seems a fair assumption that the New Yorkers and out-of-towners, who have long made Saturdays and Sundays at the museum resemble a Macy's sale, are quite happy to look at the unrivaled collections of masterpieces from the world's past which, for a hundred years now, have been its *raison d'être*.

BUT THIS ISN'T ENOUGH for Thomas Hoving, the director, who is determined to make the old lady swing. Mr. Hoving, who served as Mayor Lindsay's youthful Parks Commissioner before being named to his present post, has not wanted merely to follow in the footsteps of his eminent predecessor, the late James Rorimer. True, like Mr. Rorimer, he has made a number of important art coups, most recently the acquisition of the magnificent Old Master collection of Robert Lehmann, the last still in private hands, for which every museum in the country had been competing. Still, he is not content to rest on his laurels. Barely two years after taking over the Met, he has announced that he will retire after the Centennial, presumably to further his political ambitions. Apparently he figures that "relevance" will help. Undiscouraged by the chorus of boos which greeted last year's effort in this direction, the ill-fated "Harlem On My Mind" (*NR*, Feb. 11), he has now decided that art is where it's at, baby. Accordingly he has taken the 35 rooms which housed the Met's unmatched collection of European paintings and (less than four years after an expensive renovation) has once more stripped them bare, painted them white and turned them into "Centennial Exhibition Galleries." Here, in place of Raphael, Rembrandt and the other greats, the New York show is installed.

It concentrates on the three important movements of postwar American art—Abstract Expressionism, Pop and Minimalism. I am willing to admit that the Met's vast painting galleries, with their ample proportions, high ceilings and natural lighting, are admirably suited to the deployment of these huge objects, many of which are brilliantly colored and measure ten and fifteen feet across. Each gallery is allotted one or sometimes two artists; in essence, we are given a series of one-man shows which should enable us to examine each talent closely. But the decorative smash of most of the paintings makes the total effect stupefying. After the visitor has covered a floor space as large in area as the whole Museum of Modern Art, he is exhausted; his senses are numbed, as though he had walked through an interminable series of wallpaper showrooms; he remembers only a big blur.

MOREOVER, the show is poorly selected and does not really illustrate American—or even New York—painting of the last thirty years. Granted that it is not easy for even the most sensitive critic correctly to assess the art of his own time or to place it in its historical context. Even to try to do so requires objectivity and impartiality, neither of which attributes distinguishes Henry Geldzahler, the Met's Curator of Contemporary Arts, who selected the show. Mr. Geldzahler, who has starred in an underground film by Pop artist Andy Warhol, been cast in plaster by sculptor George Segal and acted in a Happening by Claes Oldenburg (all of whom, predictably, are prominently represented at the Met), has simply disregarded artists he doesn't happen to like.

The choice of sculpture is especially shocking in its omission of Louise Nevelson and Naum Gabo. Except for a few paintings by Edward Hopper and an early, atypical Franz Kline, figurative painting is totally ignored. Even artists favored by Mr. Geldzahler are given a distorted presentation, as in the case of Willem de Kooning, whose toothy nudes are unaccountably missing though they have preoccupied the artist for years. The lavishly illustrated catalogue, also by Mr. Geldzahler, far from presenting the sober "historical view" which was promised, is a compendium of trivia about the artists, and gossip about art magazines, critics, museum men and a selected group of dealers whose premises are "the only places where new and advanced art has been systematically shown." By giving a free

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plug to his five favorite art merchants, Mr. Geldzahler lays himself and the Metropolitan open to charges of commercialism.

The show (though not the renovation of the galleries) was paid for by a $150,000 grant from the Xerox Corporation. Just the same there is an admission charge of $1. It is not worth the money. Moreover, the imposition of a fee for a subsidized exhibition seems unfair to the public, since the Metropolitan, unlike New York's other art museums, is supported by the City. It should be noted that this is by no means the first time it has charged admission for a show already subsidized. It did so for "The Great Age of Fresco," the wonderful loan exhibition of Italian fresco paintings which was completely paid for by the Olivetti Company as a gesture of thanks to the American people for their generosity in helping to rescue the treasures damaged by the terrible floods of 1967.

Olivetti not only financed the entire exhibition, it also underwrote the cost of the excellent catalogue. Since there were over 300,000 visitors, the museum cleared at least $300,000, plus whatever was realized on the catalogue sales. All this was pure gravy. As far as this writer has been able to ascertain, the museum simply pocketed the money, refusing to respond to pleas for help in the further rescue of Italian art, despite the current extreme emergency in Venice, whose monuments are threatened with destruction as a result of the gradual sinking of the lagoons. (Readers wishing to contribute to this vital task can do so to Venice Committee, 15 Gramercy Park, New York, N.Y. 10003)

AND WHAT HAS BECOME of all the paintings, the Rubenses and the Vermeers, the Titians and the El Grecos, to which the Metropolitan largely owes its reputation as one of the world's treasure houses? Well, 432 of them—admittedly, the stars of the collection—are now compressed into six galleries, "newly decorated" in a gloomy buff color, which have been subtracted from the Oriental art wing. Naturally the pictures are crowded and have to be hung in layers, sometimes as many as three deep, as was the fashion in the Met's early days. (Seeing them this way has convinced me that at least in some respects—picture hanging and lighting, for instance—the present is a marked improvement over the past.) We are promised that once the Centennial is over, the paintings will return to their former habitat. Meanwhile, if we miss a particular favorite, we must be consoled by the knowledge that it, together with some two hundred others, is in storage, available only to qualified scholars.

To give the Metropolitan its due, it should be noted that the Centennial has probably started out with its worst foot forward; the special exhibitions to follow promise to be in line with that respect for quality which, till now, has been the museum's hallmark. In February we will see "The Year 1200"; in April, a big display of nineteenth-century Americana; next September, "Before Cortes," pre-conquest sculpture from Middle America; and in November 1970, the best of all, "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries" lent to the Met from museums the world over. Perhaps, notwithstanding all the Geldzahlers and Hovings, this will turn out to be the most "relevant" of all. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE STUDIO, *by John Gregory Dunne (Farrar, $5.95).* The Studio is Twentieth Century Fox and it's a barmy day in 1967 when John Gregory Dunne arrives to start the first of his notebooks on a year in the life of a major picture corporation. We know before we open Dunne's book that the people in it are going to be foolish and vulgar and, sure enough, they are—a whole cast of celebrities, studio execs and functionaries caught in the act of sweating, belching, cringing, chewing hangnails and saying things like: "We've got entertainment *and* a message in this picture, Arthur." What we hadn't expected, possibly, is to find no one to side with. Even Lillian Ross' *Picture* had its sad little hero. But no one on the Fox lot fights to make things like *Planet of the Apes, Dr. Doolittle, Star!, The Boston Strangler* and *Hello, Dolly!* Dunne's book has the built-in tedium, the moral vacancy, of a Maysles Bros. documentary. His picture people, all employees of a company that five years before stood on the edge of bankruptcy, walk through his pages like the grateful dead. Richard Zanuck, efficient and colorless, is the unquestioned architect of the Studio's survival and its champion hangnail-chewer. His father is grateful, too. Sitting in his New York office, Darryl Zanuck tells Dunne: "I was put under terrific criticism when I sent Dick out to head the Studio. What could I do? He was the only one I could trust." The corporate drama has all passed over. *The Studio* is the epilogue. A. CROCE

THE CHINA LOBBY MAN: THE STORY OF ALFRED KOHLBERG, *by Joseph Keeley (Arlington, $7.00).* This public life of Alfred Kohlberg will be awe-inspiring, humbling reading to conservatives "born" after the 1960 watershed of our enterprise. AK was a quintessential representative of the 1930-1960 conservatives whose primarily defensive labors kept the lights on for our present generation who are conservatives on the counterattack. This first generation lost most of its battles, but in losing, won: it trained today's leaders, founded our organizations, developed the methods we use, harassed and slowed the collectivist and Communist adversary, bought time . . . until—after Lenin—"objective conditions" allowed today's political/intellectual offensive. Although somewhat disorganized, this book is still 1) a quite complete short course in twentieth-century Chinese political history, 2) something of a study of the Soviet's program of political subversion, 3) an interesting illumination of how America's liberal-left intellectual elite has used an unaware/ignorant business and social establishment to mask and protect fundamentally revolutionary tasks and organizations, and 4) a moving biography of a man who lived his conservatism according to Lenin's maxim, "We must train men and women who will devote to the [counter]revolution not merely their spare evenings, but the whole of their lives." J. G. CAMPAIGNE JR.

THE GAME OF CROQUET: *Its Appointment and Laws, by Horace Elisha Scudder, edited and augmented by Paul Seabury (October House—Abercrombie & Fitch, $5.00).* This exceedingly slim, and excessively expensive, volume must be designed for those collectors of books on croquet who, as John Carter once observed, "may not be numerous, but are certain to be a grim and fanatical lot"—and, presumably, also for collectors of Lewis Carroll, since it contains the first American publication of Carroll's *Castle Croquet.* That the volume may also serve as handbook for present-day croquet matches is not to be denied: In addition to Scudder's treatise, originally published in 1865, and Carroll's, it contains a summary of the British rules as well—everything, in fact, that the well-appointed croquet-player is likely to require in the way of a rulebook. I can recall spring afternoons on the Elizabethan Club lawn at Yale when a copy of Scudder would have been very handy to have around. I am thinking especially of the objections of a prominent New Left historian to my pushing the ball rather than striking it: this edition of Scudder specifically states that "it is unnecessary to impose a law that the stroke should be a blow rather than a push." But that is all in the past and he lost the game anyway. Meanwhile, this is an ideal Christmas gift for the croquet buff who has absolutely everything else. J. C. LOBDELL

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

THOMAS A. LANE:
[THE] WAR FOR THE WORLD

Intimate association with the poor of another day . . . has made me very skeptical of the solicitude of politicians and social workers for the poor of today. . . . The welfare recipient is smarter than his case worker. The suckers are the taxpayers.

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WAUGH

(Continued from page 1275)

however, she was ready to concede. Whatever his other inadequacies might have been, he had been "good about champagne." He had dressed her table. He had maintained her stock with the restaurant's clientele.

That coin has its obverse side. Because champagne is a *vin de rigueur*, it has come to be regarded as ostentatious to serve it when there is no occasion. In the 1920s, I was informed by a book on etiquette, written by a titled lady, that it was "bad form" to serve champagne at luncheon. I cannot think why. Today in many London clubs if you order champagne, it will be served to you and your guests in a silver tankard so that the attention of other members may not be drawn to your apparent affluence.

The luxury aspect of champagne has been so overstressed that many are unable to approach it without self-consciousness. Because it is a *vin de rigueur*, an excuse has to be found for drinking it. I have heard more than one man say, "Ah, yes . . . champagne . . . I can tell you when I really like it. After a heavy night, at about half-past eleven in the morning, a well-chilled half-bottle with a crisp cheese cracker." And yes, of course it is good then, but so is it good at a great many other times. In fact it is champagne's particular merit to be good at any time of the day and with any course in a meal.

You do not want to drink it right through a meal, but then there is no one wine that you do want to drink right through a meal. That is why it is so agreeable to settle down to a dinner party of six, where you will have the opportunity of sampling four different wines. And that is why I so wish that champagne could be taken simply and directly, for what it is, apart from its legendary reputation, as one great and noble wine among many others, in that proud "procession where is nor first nor last." I can think of no meal that would not be the better for having it served at some point in its course—as an aperitif, with the entrée or at the very close with fruit. Let champagne stand on its own feet, with the wines of Bordeaux and the Cote d'Or, of the Rhine and the Moselle. That is my prayer for it. □

BERENSON

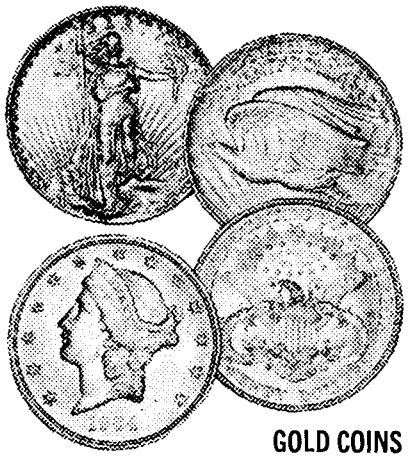
(Continued from page 1272)

hand so you can boast you have an "original." A similar effect can, however, be more inexpensively ($15) achieved with "Kallioscope," a palm-sized box filled with colored liquid and crystals which, when electrically heated —or vigorously shaken by your three-year-old—produce wavy rhythms. Paul Matisse, grandson of Henri, dreamed this up; alas, he does not sign it.

These and similar objects in the stores, together with new and flashy versions of games like chess, checkers, backgammon and tic-tac-toe, both plain and three-dimensional, are being advertised as works of art. Whether this is an exact description is certainly questionable; my dictionary defines a work of art as "a creative work . . . done or made with great skill, as a painting, statue, etc." The skill involved in most of these works is that of the factory; the degree of creativity they display seems minor at best; and the durability of their appeal is probably limited to Christmas morning. And this, too, is unhappily characteristic of much of what is produced in the name of art these days: it aims to deliver a quick knock-out punch; not to grow on you; it can be apprehended in a single glance and as quickly forgotten; it is perishable and disposable.

Perhaps, on the whole, you'd be better advised to invest in a more traditional color-light-and-action object, one which uniquely combines nature and art, do-it-yourself and ready-made, and, with the rest of the silent majority, go out and buy a Christmas Tree. □

"Face it, Lou, I'm 'now-er' than you. I'm going home to mother."



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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Role of Agnew

On The Right

New York, Nov. 28—Everybody is fascinated by Mr. Agnew. The liberals aren't exactly furious with him, because they content themselves with believing that everybody believes he is somewhere between a vulgarian and a villain, so why be upset? Everybody, that is, who is anybody: which as a matter of fact tends to exclude just plain people. The people are a problem, inasmuch as they tend to be pro-Agnew. The same people the liberals are always concerned about when the people are merely abstractions.

But now there is a hint of worry etching its way on the brow of the comfortable pipe-smoking detractors. Could it be . . . No, they tell themselves. *Surely* he is not another Joe McCarthy. Nor even is he George Wallace. "The Vice President is neither a racist nor a demagogue," *Time* Magazine soothes itself. On the other hand, the Vice President is on to something, and his popularity is rising faster even than U.S. troops are withdrawing from Vietnam. It hasn't yet risen so high as to commandeer the attention of America. And possibly it can never rise that high—for hierarchical reasons. The Vice President, after all, stops where the President begins. They used to say—to be fair, I used to say it too—that nobody could challenge an incumbent President. Therefore Lyndon Johnson would have no difficulty in engineering his own renomination . . . Then New Hampshire happened.

BUT LET US BE REALISTIC. Spiro Agnew is never going to unseat Richard Nixon. If Richard Nixon were to evolve into Hamlet or Adlai Stevenson, then one might ponder the possibility of his replacement by Agnew the Doer. The script would go as follows: Nixon would evolve as the ambiguist President, titleholder of the moderate Right championship, slowly but helplessly giving way to the zeitgeist. Lots of explanations, lots of excuses, lots of political force majeure, to keep us sullen, but not mutinous. But his Vice President, more and more visibly as the months go by, moves off in the direction of principle even as Calhoun moved away from Andrew Jackson. Then New Hampshire comes around, and suddenly the Vice President announces his disaffection—even as one knows now that Hubert Humphrey wishes that he had publicized his own disaffection. And the Eugene McCarthy of 1972 becomes not the appeaser who wafts in on the surf of appeasement, but—the de Gaulle, who, unsmilingly, hoists the Cross of Lorraine and says that he is the leader of the soul of France.

I leave the details to Allen Drury. The fact of the matter is that Mr. Nixon is not the kind of person around whom that end run could be made. Not alone because he is himself a highly skilful political technician, but because his own sentiments are rather solidly located just exactly where Agnew's are: which is to say in and around the proposition that America must survive. Does that mean that Nixon approves everything that Agnew says?

Senator Eugene McCarthy ventured a very nice wisecrack when he said that Agnew had become "Nixon's Nixon." He meant that Agnew was performing services for the President similar to those that Mr. Nixon performed for Mr. Eisenhower, for instance, in 1954. McCarthy is, as it happens, quite right. It doesn't follow that Nixon goes over the texts of Agnew's speeches. There is, between the two gentlemen, a quite becoming formality, such as to make censorship of that kind rather difficult to exact.

Mr. Nixon could not possibly have sanctioned some of the phrases Mr. Agnew has used, not simply because the phrases are too abrasive, but because they are, in some instances, hilariously inappropriate. Imagine calling the demonstrators, as Agnew did, "ideological eunuchs." Now that kind of growling sounds awfully good, grunt-wise. But it is spectacularly maladroit. The people Agnew is talking about are anything but eunuchs on the ideological scale. An ideological eunuch was, say, Eisenhower; or the Vicar of Bray. Never the protestors, who are ideological eunuchs only if Joan of Arc was an ideological eunuch.

Richard Nixon would not likely have sanctioned the sentence, "We can afford to separate them [the demonstrators] from our society with no more regret than we should feel over discarding rotten apples from a barrel." Much too menacing in its overtones.

But Mr. Agnew and Mr. Nixon may have something going between them, and it will be worth watching. Mr. Nixon with the muted obbligatos, Agnew with the basso sostenuto. I like that, and I will be listening in night and day. □

MY GALATEA

New York, Dec.1—I have found myself—assuming he will agree—an ideological Galatea. He is nineteen years old, a second-year student at a big college in Pennsylvania, all beard and beads from the chest up, and below that scruffy gabardine. I cannot describe his face, never having seen it, and he sat next to me one evening in the car that took me to the airport after my lecture, driven by another student, with yet others in the back seat, one of them with a tape-recording machine asking such questions as "What do you and your son talk about?"

My Galatea is interested in grander themes. To say that he comes to politics with *tabula rasa* would cause the founding of a Tabulae Anti-Defamation League. My Galatea says things like, "Like, I jus' don't figure how you come and give a speech and say you're for Vietnam and collect your fee and then jus' go away, like man, you don't know what it means, you make war sound cool. I'm not going to Vietnam and have my face blown off or my arms or something, why should I?"

I LOOKED AT HIM, and wondered, from the depths of my fatigue, where to start, where to start. I tried the usual analysis. Look, I said, wars are not beloved of the warmakers, at least not as a general rule. Look, I said, wars are because there is something worse than wars, like life in Russia or in China or in North Vietnam. Look, I said, if you don't want to live in America because you think America is diseased and makes decisions that involve other people's heads and limbs being blown off you can do something about it, including leave America.

"If I'm going to split," my Galatea

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said, "I'm going to think about it first." I didn't say that that experience might prove more painful even than going to Vietnam.

We reached the airport in time to have something to drink before the flight. The others ordered a daiquiri or a whisky sour or a beer, but Galatea ordered a coke, he doesn't drink booze. At the gate he said he wanted to tell me something private. I leaned over, and what he said was, "Look, if you want, I'll go on the plane with you to New York and you can explain all those things. Don't worry about the money, I'll use my student pass." No, I told him—abruptly I fear—it's too late at night. But I felt that he felt the shock of rejection, so I said look, call me up, here's my private telephone number. "When?" "Between 2:30 and 3:30 tomorrow afternoon." I got to my office at 2:35. He had already called and was told I wasn't in. He did not leave his number, or call again, and I knew that he thought I had put him on, like the military-industrial complex.

BUT THEN a week went by and his easy-soft voice came over, like he was coming to New York to work for Lindsay before the election, and did I want to visit with him. Of course, I said.

He got there a little early, and slipped into the secretary's office wearing a weather-beaten coat, which he took off and plopped smack in the middle of the floor, and then he leaned on the filing cases, and made some gentle talk. Miss Bronson gave him a book of mine and he slid it between his back and his belt, where it rested comfortably, and in due course he came in and we chatted.

Mostly about marijuana, which was on his mind, and in any case was less depressing a subject to discuss than John Lindsay. What's the matter with grass? Well, I said, nobody knows exactly, but just to take one specific thing, you can't tell if someone's had grass, but people who have it lose control and for instance can run over kids. Grass doesn't affect driver's control, said my Galatea.

Yes it does, I said, because I know a doctor who says so and who writes for the *New York Times*, and nobody who writes for the *New York Times* and is a doctor doesn't know what he's talking about, right? He smiled his shy smile, and I felt terribly inadequate. We drove off, I took him to the subway to catch his train to Brooklyn where he was pollwatching for John, and now I have a letter from him, "Dear Mr. Buckley, During our discussion on pot you said something to the effect of one of the results of legalizing pot would be an increase of auto accidents due to stoned drivers. I must confess that during the time we visited I was completely stoned. The reasons that I smoked pot before I came to see you were several and one was not because I thought it would be cool to see 'Mr. Buckley' from a stoned vantage point. But rather a) a complete stranger gave me a few joints, b) I was afraid to carry joints on my trip to see you, c) I met a groovy cop who wanted to turn on so naturally I turned on.

"I hope that during the time we met I conducted myself in a fitting manner (whatever that may have been) and if so I present proof that a person can control himself while being stoned. Therefore I hope I have dismissed your fears that legalizing pot will increase the rate of irresponsible acts committed by heads. Sincerely . . . . . I thank you most gratefully for meeting with me." Well, as I was saying, the rines in Spine fall minely on the pline □

UNDERSTANDING NIXON *New York*, Dec. 4—Climbing higher every week on the bestseller list is *The Selling of the President 1968*, by Joe McGinniss, the fruit of an elaborate deception which has brought joy and hope to the Nixon-haters. The book, by the way, is wonderful reading, and catnip for those who get their kicks out of reading how on a particular day during the Presidential campaign a particular television adviser to Richard Nixon gasped with horror on seeing a particular television performance by Spiro Agnew—that kind of thing.

So the book does have an ideologically salacious appeal, although it is not on that account that it is being greeted so ecstatically by the critics. Mr. McGinniss has told us Something Important. The thesis of the book, they believe, is that we have for the first time a real inside look into the mechanics of image-making. The idea of the Nixon people was to sell the voting public on Richard Nixon by giving the public only the view of a man who in fact—did not exist.

The genesis of it all was the restiveness of a very bright young man who had been writing a column for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. We have the measure of his own political inclinations —both when he is moved passionately, and when he is moved deliberately. After the assassination of Robert Kennedy he wrote in his column: "[We] do not live in a country any more but in a cesspool. . . . The richest, most powerful place in the world [has] produced . . . a bunch of people so filled with fear and hate and ugliness that when a man tries to tell them they must do more for other men, instead of listening, they shoot him in the head. This is not a country any more. This is a vision of hell." That's the kind of thing Mr. McGinniss does when he gets excited. When he is not excited, but merely attending to the chores of citizenship, he votes for Dick Gregory for President.

Anyway, Mr. McGinniss decided to quit his job in Philadelphia and write a book about the role of television in the making of a President. He approached the Nixon people who received him most amiably, treating him like a young nephew in from the prairies who wants to sit in for a few months and see how the family business works.

ZAP! Far from the soporific treatise on the Uses of Television in Political Campaigns, Mr. McGinniss brought out a volume on Presidential politics that any of the underground newspapers would have given their last joint to be able to serialize. I repeat that it makes most excellent reading: it is unquestionably a work of art. As thesis, however, it is pure pretension.

The thing to remember is that an identical job could have been done on Humphrey, on Gene McCarthy, on Bobby Kennedy: and for that matter on Dwight Eisenhower. From the day that the importance of television was recognized, politicians and politicians' fuglemen have scouted the whole area of image-improvement. Nixon was told by just about everybody in the world that he lost the Presidency in 1960 because he fared second best in televised debates. Accordingly the decision was made not to debate with Humphrey, and to pay special attention to his television exposure during the campaign.

Mr. McGinniss makes you feel that but for the carefully choreographed television productions, Nixon would have lost. In fact, Nixon's strength stayed almost constant throughout the campaign, never budging from 42 to 43 per cent.

ADD ANOTHER important point. The men who suggested the television formula to Nixon, the objection to which is the substance of McGinniss' book, were men who knew Nixon very well from months and years of close personal association with him. McGinniss, by contrast, knew Nixon not at all; indeed knows Nixon not at all. The senior advisers believed that Nixon was widely misunderstood, that the Nixon they sought to project was the Nixon they knew, that the Nixon the public was suspicious of or bored by, is other than the real Nixon. So that the crowning irony could be that Mr. McGinniss ends up protesting devices the effect of which are to rescue an individual from the misapprehensions which the public media saddled them with in the first instance. Straighten that out, if you will.

Meanwhile, the best view of Nixon, for those who want to know something about him, is Ralph de Toledano's new book, *One Man Alone*. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

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B. Any of various Danish, Dutch, or German silver coins — 78 45 94 33 108 145 119 58 181

C. Distinguished — 86 200 61 46 185 109 100

D. Sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch — 111 8 170 62 194 96 176 89 102 114

E. The branch of philosophy dealing with values — 80 7 38 117 160 180 193 79

F. A seaport at the mouth of the Elbe — 9 136 20 124 91 63 120 49

G. Acteylene — 19 50 112 24 40 64

H. Tears — 105 126 92 121 133

I. The capital of a European country — 2 21 23 28 32 36

J. Close — 116 51 153 70

K. Represented by a symbol — 131 188 97 52 147 196 168

L. Bovate — 155 127 122 165 53 175

M. The last Aztec emperor of Mexico — 187 10 152 128 123 107 143 65 161

N. Loftiness — 10 134 166 83 174 66 54 4

O. Units of resistance (electrical) — 22 42 1 72

P. What many tears ought to be — 164 67 144 148 129 98

Q. A city in S. W. Pennsylvania — 172 118 16 25 41 47 189 137 149

R. The lowest commissioned officer, U. S. Navy — 177 17 99 26 163 130

S. That which is served or contained in a dish — 182 43 132 103

T. Asserts or maintains firmly — 12 190 44 71 183 68 198

U. Had significance only by association, as with another word — 95 77 56 162 84 138 154 18

V. A region in E. Greece — 95 73 167 69 87 139 5 199

W. People for whom "liberals" bleed—provided they live in Asia — 113 140 27 74 151 81 159

X. The organic basis of bone, remaining after the mineral matter has been removed by treatment with dilute acid — 202 30 75 141 173 184

Y. Lady journalists — 15 6 186 13 197 142 90 169 192

Z. The first wife of Richard II — 55 3 11 48 110 156 201 39 60 93 135 158 14

a. Allotted amounts — 150 35 76 191 104 195 204

b. German for Jewish — 146 106 57 82 171 37 157

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1284 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

■	1 O	2 I	3 Z	4 N	■	5 V	6 Y	7 E	8 D	9 F	10 M	11 Z	■	12 T	13 Y	■	14 Z	15 Y
■	16 Q	17 R	18 U	19 G	20 F	■	21 I	22 O	■	23 I	24 G	25 Q	■	26 R	27 W	28 I	29 A	30 X
■	31 A	32 I	33 B	■	34 A	35 a	36 I	37 b	38 E	39 Z	40 G	41 Q	■	42 O	43 S	44 T	■	45 B
46 C	47 Q	48 Z	49 F	50 G	51 J	52 K	53 L	54 N	■	55 Z	56 U	57 b	■	58 B	59 U	60 Z	61 C	62 D
63 F	64 G	65 M	66 N	67 P	68 T	69 V	■	70 J	71 T	72 O	■	73 V	74 W	75 X	76 a	77 U	78 B	79 E
■	80 E	81 W	82 b	■	83 N	84 U	85 A	86 C	87 V	■	88 A	89 D	■	90 Y	91 F	92 H	■	93 Z
94 B	95 V	96 D	97 K	98 P	99 R	■	100C	101N	102D	■	103S	104a	105H	106b	107M	108B	109C	■
110Z	111D	■	112G	113W	114D	■	115A	116J	117E	118Q	119B	120F	121H	122I	123M	■	124F	125A
■	126H	127L	128M	129P	130R	131K	132S	■	133H	134N	135Z	136F	137Q	138U	139V	140W	141X	142Y
143M	144P	145B	146b	■	147K	148P	149Q	■	150a	151W	152M	153J	154U	■	155L	156Z	■	157b
158Z	159W	■	160E	161M	162U	163R	164P	165L	166N	167V	■	168K	169Y	170D	171b	172Q	173X	174N
175L	■	176D	177R	178A	■	179A	180E	181B	182S	183T	■	184X	185C	186Y	■	187M	188K	189Q
190T	191a	192Y	193E	194D	■	195a	196K	197Y	■	198T	199V	200C	201Z	202X	203A	204a	■	■

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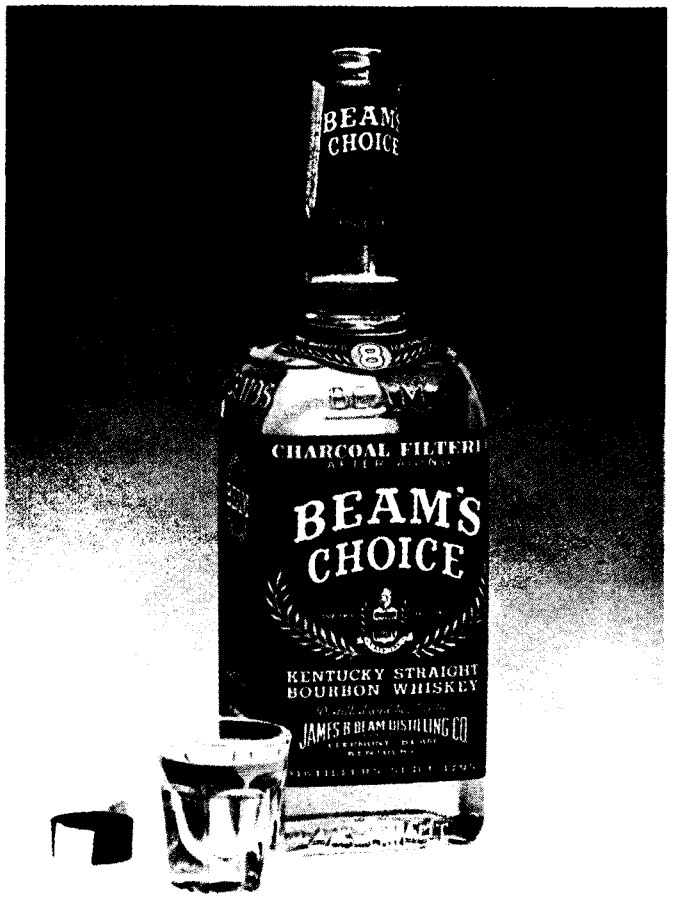

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